

THE
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ART. I.—THE DESTINIES OF ECCLESIASTICAL
RELIGION.

A CONCIO AD CLERUM.

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THERE has been much lamenting of late about the want of recruits for the gospel ministry. The body of the Clerus is not re-enforced from year to year by men who can fill with acceptance the vacancies caused by retirement and death, or meet the demands of the new congregations which are yearly springing up, and which, however they may differ in other respects, are strikingly unanimous in asking that the preacher sent them be one of commanding ability. One would say that never was harvest so plenteous, and never surely were laborers so few. The youth of the universities are slow to enter a profession which ought to attract the best spirits and the richest talents to its service. The vigor and talent of this generation seek other channels, and leave the pulpit to be served hereafter with inferior ministrations, if served at all.

Various causes have been assigned in explanation of this deficiency, and various methods proposed for replenishing the ranks, which are growing thinner in numbers, and, as

some will have it, poorer in quality, from year to year. A portion opine that the difficulty lies in the meagre temporalities with which parishes second the spiritual service: others ascribe it to the ever-increasing opportunity and solicitation of industrial adventure; others still, to the fickleness of popular, parochial favor, on which the ease and stability of clerical fortunes so largely depend. I cannot think that either or all of these causes suffice to account for the evil in question. I impute it to moral and intellectual, rather than prudential, reasons. I impute it to certain prevailing influences, partly scientific and partly social, which have alienated the youthful mind from the old sanctities and ecclesiastical uses with which religion has been associated in time past. The fact is, the spirit of the age, or the speculative mind of the age, as in the decline of republican Rome, has broken with ecclesiasticism. I believe the rupture to be merely temporary. Society requires a Church, requires ecclesiastical organization for the use and maintenance of public worship, and, with varying method and symbol, will have them, until the New Jerusalem, descending from the heavens and organizing itself in human practice, shall realize the word of the seer, "I saw no temple therein." A Church there will be, ecclesiastical organizations there will be: science may modify, but cannot abolish them. The speculative mind of the age must accept them, and adjust itself with them, or else go down before them as one of the false prophets and spirits of antichrist, which from time to time, as we read, "have gone out into the world."

Meanwhile, I respect the scruple which detains a young man from this ministry, who is conscious in himself of no internal vocation for the office. Without that vocation, the minister's function is the hardest and dreariest of all pursuits. Without that vocation, there will either be mechanical routine, oppressing and quenching the life of the spirit; or, with greater intellectual activity, there will be a retarding friction between thought and function, between the private conscience and the old traditional requirements; speculation will put the brake on devotion; there will be an insincerity

in the sacraments, fatal to the spiritual health of preacher and hearer; or, if sacraments be abandoned as indigestible formalities, too tough for the feeble stomach of "Naturalism," the mere statedness of worship will become at last an intolerable burden.

To make the ministry profitable, or even tolerable,—I mean the ministry in existing communions, I do not mean those exceptional associations which are formed on the simple basis of prophetism,—there must be a decided preponderance of religious sensibility, and even of ecclesiastical consciousness, over speculative and critical tendencies of mind, a preponderance which shall make the positive truths and traditional requirements of the Church seem more important, in the preacher's estimation, than his private speculations or his critical doubts. There is a place for criticism, for thorough, unsparing criticism, and frank negation of all that criticism finds untenable. I certainly have no quarrel with criticism: I am only speaking of the function of the pulpit in existing ecclesiastical relations. Not critical demolition, but practical edification, it seems to me, is the pulpit's true function. I would not have the preacher ignorant of the negative results of criticism; but they should not stick out in his preaching. He should know how to merge and absorb them in the positive doctrine of his broad and reconciling word. He should not, regardless of time and place, say all he knows, or thinks he knows, much less all that he fancies or suspects.

What! shun to declare the whole counsel of God? Not if you surely know what that counsel is. Who has that certainty? You deny that the whole counsel of God is contained in the Bible. You deny, in the words of another, "that the whole mind of God, as made known to man, has been put in print, and consigned to the bookbinder." Very true! but let this truth be impartially implied. Beware of supposing that the whole mind of God is contained in the text-books of science; that recorded observation embodies all that is, or can be. The dogmatism of theology is bad, but the dogmatism of unbelief is no better.

There is a wisdom, not of concealment (for that implies trickery), but of reticence. So far, I think, the distinction of esoteric and exoteric is perfectly consistent with Christian simplicity and rectitude of purpose. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." It takes two to make truth. The object presented is one of the factors; the mind to which it is presented is the other. Truth is a right relation between the two. Change the condition, the point of view of the mind that receives, and you change that relation. The proposition which is true to one mind, with its given conditions, may not be true to another with very different conditions. The truths of science present the same aspect, and therefore are equally true to every mind that is capable of comprehending the literal import of the propositions which contain them. No difference of mental condition can make the statement that an equilateral triangle has equal angles more or less true. But outside of the realm of exact science, and especially in the region of theology, you can hardly lay down a proposition which shall be absolutely true to all minds and times. Hence the separation which philosophy has sought to establish between the field of science proper and the supersensuous world of metaphysic and religion. In that separation consists the essence of what is called the "Positive Philosophy." It has recently been proposed to apply the principle of positivism to theology, and religion has been declared to be in danger of dissolution unless that application is made. The proposition mistakes, I think, the essential nature of the subject. The truths of theology are not topics of scientific knowledge, but of faith. We cannot know them as we know the facts of science, although the *assurance* of them may be as great or greater than that which science gives. In religion

"We have but faith, we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see."

We may systematize those facts of psychology on which the truths of theology rest, and may formulate inferences from them; but the gulf which divides the facts experienced from the facts inferred, the beliefs from the objects of those

beliefs, is one which no science can bridge. Respect "the deep irony of God," which baffles every attempt to fix his idea by scientific demonstration.

But, waiving all this, the proper element of religion, the only element in which religion can thrive and be a power in society, is an element of mystery and faith, the very opposite of positivism. Explode that element, and you have a *caput mortuum*, intelligible enough, but soulless and powerless, a mummy instead of a living organism. For here especially it is true that —

"Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things
We murder to dissect."

The world of knowledge and the world of faith are principally distinct. They are not even concentric circles. The world of science is a little epicycle which rides the deferent of an unknown orb.

It is a great mistake to suppose that religion is the offspring of theology. On the contrary, theology is the offspring of religion. Science would never give it: scarcely will science recognize it. Even now, in some of its prominent representatives, science prefers an atheology instead. You may substitute science for religion; but you cannot identify them, you cannot square them. It is like squaring the circle,—an insoluble problem. Therefore I say, "The Bible or the Mathematics,"—the spirit or the flesh,—as the basis of preaching.

"Theism and atheism," it is said, "are in the scales, and Science holds the balance." The saying reminds me of many things. "To-morrow, gentlemen, I shall make you a God," said Science, speaking through the lips of a German professor. And certainly Fichte was as well qualified for this species of manufacture as any Positive philosopher of our time. Carlyle once told me of a man who came to him with a cherished project. The age had lost its God, he said; thence all the woes of this evil time. Something must be done, and that straightway. He had hit upon a plan for remedying the difficulty,—a cheap magazine, to be called the "Elah." Would

Mr. Carlyle be a contributor, and so aid the good work of restoring God to the people of Great Britain?

Heinrich Heine, whose sarcasms had not always so legitimate an object, has satirized the application of science to theology, alike in its negative and positive results. He likens Kant to Robespierre, and thinks the former the greater terrorist of the two.

"The 'Critique of Pure Reason' was the sword with which Theism was beheaded in Germany." — "You French are tame people compared with us Germans. The most you could do was to behead a king, and he had lost his head already before you cut it off. And, in doing that, you made a drumming and a screaming and a trampling with the feet that shook the whole earth. Really, it is doing Maximilien Robespierre too much honor to compare him with Immanuel Kant." — "Kant far exceeded Robespierre in terrorism; but they had much in common. . . . In both there was a spice of cockneyism. Nature had designed them to weigh coffee and sugar; but Fate willed that they should weigh quite other things, and placed for one a King, for the other a God, in the scales." — "Since Kant's polemic, theism has been extinct in the realm of speculative reason. It will take some centuries to disseminate the doleful tidings; but we philosophers have put on mourning long ago. You think you can go home now. Wait a bit. There is another piece to be performed. After the tragedy comes the farce. Hitherto Kant has shown himself the inexorable philosopher. He has stormed heaven and earth, and made the whole celestial concern walk the plank. The Sovereign of the universe lies weltering in his blood, unproved. There is no infinite mercy, no fatherly goodness, no reward beyond the grave for continence here. The immortality of the soul lies at the last gasp. Everywhere death-rattle and death-moans; and old Lampe [Kant's servant] stands by, a mournful spectator, with tears in his eyes. But now Immanuel Kant has compassion, and shows that he is not only a great philosopher, but a good man. And he says to himself, half good-naturedly, half ironically, 'Old Lampe must have a God, he can't be happy without; and man was made to be happy. So says practical reason. Well, then, let practical reason vouch for the being of God.'"

Alas for mankind if Science holds the balance between theism and atheism! I have a notion that He who "hath

comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales," himself holds the balance, where Science, with her shallow theisms and atheisms, the one as shallow as the other, are in one scale, and the everlasting Mystery in the other; and I rather think that wise men at present, after the example of Lessing, will cast their votes into the latter scale.

The first attempt to apply positivism to theology, according to an ancient myth, was made by a youth at Sais, who sought certainty behind a forbidden veil, and found death. The meaning of the myth is fitly expressed in the phrase "dead certainty." A very significant phrase! We say a calculation is reduced to a dead certainty. Observe the fatal propriety of the word "dead" in this connection. Absolute certainty belongs to the past,—*fait accompli*. And the past is dead. Dead certainty,—the death of inquiry, the death of expectation, the death of hope.

Do you want absolute certainty in religion, the understanding's ultimate? You want death. Will you look into the sepulchre for the Lord of life? He is not there, "he is risen." Behold, he re-appears! Will you pin him now with your inquiries? A cloud receives him out of your sight. Will you peer into the blue for the vanishing assurance? "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" Go to work; and the Comforter, Truth, will come down out of the heavens, and work by your side.

The scientific mind of the age has fallen out with its ecclesiasticism. Whose is the fault? No blame to either party. It is a mutual misunderstanding; such as will sometimes arise in well-regulated families. For both belong to one family after all,—Christian society. A temporary misunderstanding. Mutual jealousy of each other's rights. Ecclesiasticism, good mother, refuses to perceive that her full-grown daughter, Science, having now arrived to years of discretion, can no longer be kept in leading-strings, and fed on pap, but must be allowed to judge for herself, and to regulate her own diet. And when the fond dame pursues the strapping lass with bib and porringer, "Here, my love, is the sincere milk of the word, better

for you than those hard rocks and all your *ologies*," no wonder the daughter becomes impatient, and conceives an unconquerable disgust for the proffered harmless diet. On the other hand, the daughter forgets that the mother is still, by divine right, mistress of the house which she holds by hereditary title, and held before Science was born, and will hold, with whatever modification of structure and name, for indefinite time. Society may outgrow this or that particular form of Church life; but society can never outgrow the idea of the Church, and will not, in our day, outgrow the tutelage of religion.

Mr. Wasson, in his eloquent inaugural discourse, "The Radical Creed," has expressed a contempt for the idea of "ecclesiastical continuity," as having its source in the notion of "an inspired institution, which, by its mechanical working, shall grind out divine truth and law." I can by no means adopt this view of the matter. Ecclesiastical continuity is not the perpetuation of an institution which acts mechanically, nor indeed of any institution at all, or any human device, but the recognition and visible representation of a fact. That fact is the progressive, divine education of human society, considered as one organic and continuous whole. The *ecclesia* is society conscious of its unity and calling in God,—society in its Godward relation; and ecclesiastical continuity is the continuity of human growth and divine education. It is the main current of humanity flowing down from an unknown past, distinguished in different periods by different dispensations, but the same in all; sometimes moving, with fleet foot, beneath the impulse of fresh revelation; sometimes caught in the doldrums of a stagnant sacerdotalism, but never immovably fixed; receiving into itself contributions, affluents, from all religions and civilizations, identical with none, though identified with one or another in each stage of its course, as at present with the Christian,—that being the chief minister of human progress for this millennium. Ecclesiastical continuity is therefore the method of history. Not to recognize it is not to recognize

the divine significance of history: it is to want the key to the right understanding of the problem of history. It is to sever, to one's own apprehension, the spinal cord of humanity: it is to make the religious convictions of each period the accidental product instead of the mating of the time. Ecclesiastical continuity means that mankind do not consciously and wilfully foreshape their own future; that history is not the product of human foresight, but divine ordination, education; that we are under tutelage, one schoolmaster after another having charge of the race for a season, and, in fulness of time, delivering up his charge to the next. That schoolmaster for the time being is not an institution, but an idea, or system of ideas, to which the institutions of the time owe their birth. We are under this tutelage of ecclesiastical continuity: we cannot escape it. The individual may think he is rid of it: but his fancied emancipation is only the flight of the aéronaut, who seems to detach himself from the earth when he cuts the rope which held his balloon; but all the while an invisible rope—we call it gravitation—has fast hold of him. The length of his tether is the quantity of gas there is in him. The gas escapes, the tether shortens; the gas all gone, ecclesiastical continuity resumes its sway.

There goes, I fancy, a conceit among that class of secularists whose secularism rationalizes its dissent, that the Church as a power is about to retire from public life, though Christianity as a principle may survive; that Christianity, as an administration of more than a thousand years' standing, must soon deliver up its portfolio, its sacred books, and, if recognized at all, exist as a pensioner of the new regime. It may be so, and it may be that periodical hibernation is mistaken for decrepitude and demise. All along the course of history there have been periods of religious indifference, when forward wits would suppose that the Church of the time was moribund, supernaturalism effete, and philosophy or naturalism about to assume the stewardship of such sanctities as might still command the faith of mankind. In the latter half of the century preceding the Christian era, and the first of the century following, intelligent and cultivated Romans had

lost their faith in the popular religion, although the conservative among them refrained from open contempt of the established rites. Yet Cicero, the gravest of conservatives, in his work, *De Divinatione*, argues with Quintus, his brother, against the possibility of any such knowledge of the future as superstition ascribed to the haruspices. He would have the function maintained as a part of the established religion for religion's and the republic's sake ; but "between ourselves," he says, "I don't believe in it."—"Quam ego reipublicæ causa, communisque religionis, colendam censeo, sed, soli sumus ; licet verum exquirere sine invidia, mihi præsertim de plerisque dubitanti." Yet, though he denied for himself the validity of their vaticinations, he condemned the consuls, P. Claudius and L. Junius, for disregarding them : "Parendum enim fuit religioni, nec patrius mos tam contumaciter repudiandus." Yet this cautious conservative could say, in the Senate, that only in poetry and on the stage did the gods intermeddle in human affairs. Other writers of the time concurred with Cicero in relegating traditional religion to the region of popular superstition, reserving for philosophy the natural interpretation or critical elimination of the ancient beliefs. Livy coolly speaks of Numa's religious institutions as excellent devices for influencing, in those days, the ignorant multitude. Quintus Curtius thought nothing so efficacious for the governance of the rude rabble as superstition. Fill their minds with religious nonsense, he says, and they will mind the priest, if they do not obey their secular leaders : "Melius vatibus quam ducibus suis paret." Varro distinguished three kinds of religion,—the mythological, for poets and the stage ; the natural (naturalism), for philosophers and wise men ; and the ceremonial, for the people. The learned could not accept the crude religion of the stage and the State : they must have a religion of their own. Whereupon St. Augustine exclaims in the "City of God," "O Marcus Varro ! thou most acute of men, and without doubt the most learned, thou art still but a man and no god, and hast not been led by the spirit of God to the seeing and proclaiming of things divine, to the furtherance of truth and of freedom. Thou

seest that things divine should be separated from human folly and lies, but thou fearest to offend popular opinion and custom in the matter of public superstitions. Thou desirest to worship the God of Nature, but art forced to worship the God of the State."

Already Lucretius had made atheism popular,—had commended it by the charm of his immortal verse. Enlightened Rome no longer believed in the gods. Even the unlearned, according to the testimony of Juvenal, had outgrown the traditional faith in a future retributory state. Cicero himself says that no old woman could be found so inept as to tremble at what was once universally received. A philosophic observer, from the time of Sulla to the time of Vespasian, would have said that the old religion was utterly effete; that the Flamens must presently doff their fillets, and grave haruspices, for very shame, confess and renounce the solemn joke. But religions die hard: altars that once have burned with the sacrifices of faith do not go out until new altars are ready to receive the flame. Although, fifty years before the Christian era, Epicurus was praised at Rome for delivering mankind from the fear of the gods, and Cicero and Varro and others had promulgated naturalism; though theism and naturalism divided intelligent minds, a half-century before Christ,—four centuries after, the Roman Senate, through the lips of her ablest representative, pleaded for liberty to worship those gods whose empire was now invaded by a far more formidable enemy than theism or atheism, the only foe that could ever dispossess them,—a new revelation, a new ecclesiasticism.

To take an example from Christian ages. The revival of letters in Europe was followed by a similar divorce of the intellectual and spiritual life of the age from the ecclesiastical. A courtier of Leo X., or a reader of the *Epistole Obscurorum Virorum*, might have fancied, not merely that the Church as a polity was tumbling, but that Christianity as a form of faith had sunk into hopeless decline. And again, toward the close of the eighteenth century in France, the encyclopædists and the men of letters deemed Christianity

outgrown, and made enlightenment synonymous with unbelief. Voltaire was tired of the name of Christ ; but Voltaire patronized theism, commanding the Almighty in sounding verse. Robespierre undertook, with a *coup de théâtre*, to place it on the throne of a desecrated, disengaged world. You know the result,—with what re-fluent zeal, with what fierce regurgitation, the repulsed and insulted faiths came trooping in the wake of the allied armies ; with what re-assured consciousness they presided at the treaty of Vienna ; and how in France of the Restoration ecclesiastical continuity resumed its sway.

Some thirty years ago, a club was formed of young men, mostly preachers of the Unitarian connection, with a sprinkling of elect ladies,—all fired with the hope of a new era in philosophy and religion, which seemed to them about to dawn upon the world. There was something in the air,—a boding of some great revolution,—some new avatar of the Spirit, at whose birth these expectants were called to assist.

“ Of old things, all are over old ;
Of good things, none are good enough :
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.”

For myself, though I hugely enjoyed the sessions, and shared many of the ideas which ruled the conclave, and the ferment they engendered, I had no belief in ecclesiastical revolutions to be accomplished with set purpose ; and I seemed to discern a power and meaning in the old, which the more impassioned would not allow. I had even then made up my mind, that the method of revolution in theology is not discession, but development. My historical conscience, then as since, balanced my neology, and kept me ecclesiastically conservative, though intellectually radical. There haunted me that verse in Goethe's bright song, “The General Confession,” as applicable to ecclesiastical incendiaryism as it is to political :—

“ Came a man would fain renew me,
Made a botch and missed his shot,
Shoulder shrugging, prospects gloomy :
He was called a patriot.

And I cursed the senseless drizzle,
Kept my proper goal in view;
Blockhead! when it burns, let sizzle;
When all's burned, then build anew."

Others judged differently: they saw in every case of dissent, and in every new dissentient, the harbinger of the New Jerusalem. "The present Church rattles ominously," they said: "it must vanish presently, and we shall have a real one." There have been some vanishings since then. Ah me! how much has vanished! Of that goodly company what heroes and heroines have vanished from the earth! Thrones have toppled, dynasties have crumbled, institutions that seemed fast rooted in the everlasting hills have withered away. But the Church that was present then, and was judged moribund by transcendental zeal, and rattled so ominously in transcendental ears, is present still.

It was finally resolved to start a journal that should represent the ideas which had mainly influenced the association already tending to dissolution. How to procure the requisite funds was a question of some difficulty, seeing how hardly philosophic and commercial speculation conspire. An appeal was made. Would Mammon have the goodness to aid an enterprise whose spirit rebuked his methods and imperilled his assets? The prudent God disclaimed the imputed verdure; and the organ of American Transcendentalism, with no pecuniary basis, committed to the chance and gratuitous efforts and editing of friends, if intellectually and spiritually prosperous, had no statistical success. It struggled, through four years, with all the difficulties of eleemosynary journalism; and then, significantly enough, with a word concerning the "Millennial Church," sighed its last breath, and gave up the ghost. I prize the four volumes among the choicest treasures of my library. They contain some of Emerson's, of Theodore Parker's, of Margaret Fuller's, of Thoreau's best things; not to speak of writers less absolute and less famous.

Meanwhile, the association, if so it could be termed, had gradually dissolved. Some of the members turned papists,—I should say sought refuge in the bosom of the Catholic

Church. A few of the preachers pursued their calling, and perhaps have contributed somewhat to liberalize and enlarge the theology of their day. Some have slipped their moorings on this bank and shoal of time. One sank beneath the wave, whose queenly soul had no peer among the women of this land. Of one

“A strange and distant mould
Wraps the mortal relics cold.”

Finally, a fragment of this strangely compounded body lodged in a neighboring town, and became the nucleus of an agricultural enterprise in which the harvest truly was *not* plenteous, and the competent laborers few; and of which, the root being rottenness, the blossom soon went up as dust.

What is the lesson of history and private experience concerning revolutions in religion? Ecclesiastical continuity,—that we are under tutelage. The Church does not exist by the will of man, but by his constitution. It cannot be abolished by the will of man; it cannot perish by disaffection. Only a new Church can supplant the old. And the new Church will not be an association of thinkers and critics, with correct and rational theories of God, discarding supernaturalism, and planting themselves on abstract theism. Such associations exist under all dispensations; but they have never succeeded in planting a Church, or supplanting one. In India, at this moment, in the midst of the popular polytheism, there exists a flourishing association of this description,—the sect of “Brahmas,” pure theists. I received, not long since, a clever discourse from one of this body, entitled “Man the Son of God,” in which Jesus Christ and Theodore Parker are coupled together as the two great lights of human kind. Theism is a theory of the universe which may or may not be true, but will never constitute a Church, and will never supplant one. A Church is the embodiment of a spiritual force, which, sallying from the heart of God, creates a vortex in human society that compels the kingdoms, compels the aeons, in its conquering wake, and tracks its way through the world with a shining psychopomp of saintly souls.

It seems to me somewhat important to understand this dif-

ference between a Church, and a school of religious philosophy. I care not whether a man be conservative or radical in his theology, provided he has sight of this fact; provided also he possesses the faculty of self-criticism, which shall teach him his own limitations, and the limits of his theme. Conservatism is wise, so it be the conservatism of intelligent homage to the past, and not the conservatism of worldliness and self-interest, or fear. But radicalism is wiser: I mean the radicalism of disciplined thought, not of impatience, of pugnacity and self-conceit. Wiser yet, wisest of all, is that historic sense which acknowledges the good in both these tendencies, but is too wide-eyed and self-possessed to be entangled with either; which sees that both are polarizations of a truth that neither quite comprehends; which recognizes the fact of tutelage, and knows that mankind must have spiritual leaders; and that, of spiritual leadership, the qualification and main constituent is not learning or philosophy or eloquence or any kind of intellectual eminence, but spiritual overweight, attained and attested by entire humiliation; that only to him who, being in the form of God, can take upon himself the form of a servant will every knee bow.

ART. II.—RECENT GERMAN LITERATURE: AUERBACH.

Berthold Auerbach's gesammelte Schriften. Erste, neu durchgesehene Gesammtausgabe. Stuttgart und Augsburg. J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. 1857. Vol. I.—VIII. *Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten.* IX. *Barfüssele.* X.—XI. *Spinoza, ein Denkerleben.* XII.—XIII. *Dichter und Kaufmann, ein Lebensgemälde aus der Zeit Moses Mendelsohns.* XIV. *Neues Leben, eine Lehrgeschichte, in fünf Büchern.* XV. *Deutsche Abende.* XVI. *Schrift und Volk.* Grundzüge der volksthümlichen Literatur angeschlossen an eine Charakteristik J. P. Hebel's. XVII.—XVIII. *Schatzkästlein des Gevattersmanns.*

Village Tales from the Black Forest. Translated by J. E. TAYLOR. London: Bogue, 1846.

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The Professor's Wife. A Tale, translated by M. HOWITT. London: Parker & Son, 1850. 12mo.

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Narrative of Events in Vienna. Translated by J. E. TAYLOR. 12mo. London: Bogue, 1849.

Andree Hofer. Geschichtliches Trauerspiel, in fünf Aufzügen. Leipzig: G. Wigand, 1850.

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Edelweiss. Eine Erzählung von B. AUERBACH. Stuttgart: Cotta, 1861.

Auf der Höhe. Roman in acht Büchern, von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Dritte Auflage. Stuttgart: Verlag der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung, 1866.

IN the Black Forest, in Wurtemberg, in the charming valley of the Neckar, is a village called Nordstetten, inhabited by a mixed population of Catholics and Jews, who live together quite in harmony. Berthold Auerbach was born in this village, in 1812, of Jewish parents. And it is to this circumstance of his Jewish birth, and the Christian influences that were about him from childhood, that many of the characteristics of his writings are to be traced. After receiving the rudiments of his education in the Talmud, in the dilapidated little old town of Hechingen, twenty or thirty miles distant, once the capital of the infinitesimal principality of that name, and which the traveller remembers because he drove out from it once to see the castle of the Hohenzollerns, the original nest of that black eagle that now flaps its wings over Germany,—he went to complete his Jewish training at

Carlsruhe ; but the obscure life of a Rabbi suited neither his tastes nor his ambition. And after having been for a time at the Gymnasium in Stuttgart, he entered the University at Tübingen. But, as he had been faithless to rabbinism, he soon deserted the study of jurisprudence, to which he had at first applied himself, and, under the guidance of the celebrated Strauss, he devoted himself to philosophy. His philosophical studies were continued at Munich, under Schelling ; and, at Heidelberg, he studied history under Schlosser. Early involved in the political discussions of the day, in which he took the side of the people, he soon came into collision with the Government, which was as resolute in suppressing all free inquiry in the direction of politics as it was anxious to encourage it in every other. He was arrested at Munich, but was nevertheless soon released from durance ; and, even while investigations were going on into the acts of the authors of the troubles in which he had taken part, he was permitted to continue his attendance upon the lectures at the University.

In Wurtemberg, however, he did not get off so easily ; but was sentenced, in 1835, to expiate his political views in the dungeons of Hohenasperg, where the lives of so many noble patriots and thinkers had wasted away in solitude and misery ; and where, but for that precipitate flight of which the story has been but rather recently told, the great genius of Schiller might have been extinguished in the madness of despair. The shadows which lay so dark, however, over the frowning Swabian height, do not seem to have affected the activity of Auerbach's mind ; for he wrote in his prison a pamphlet entitled *Das Judenthum und die neueste Literatur* ("Judaism, and the Latest Literature"), — a pamphlet now long forgotten, if indeed it ever had any success. After being released from imprisonment, he set about writing a series of books under the collective title of *The Ghetto* (the term by which the Jewish quarter is designated in European cities) ; his purpose being to give a faithful picture of Jewish life in its poetical and historical aspects, before the levelling tendencies in modern manners and thought had

wholly swept away its peculiarities, and buried in oblivion that treasure of oral traditions and tales of marvels which the Judaism of the Middle Age had accumulated.

He completed, however, but two of these books,—the first, which appeared in 1837, being entitled *Spinoza, ein Denkerleben* ("Spinoza, the Life of a Thinker"); and the second, which appeared in 1839, *Dichter und Kaufmann, ein Lebensgemälde aus der Zeit Moses Mendelssohns* ("Poet and Merchant, a Drawing from Life in the time of Moses Mendelssohn"). The former was a psychological and historical representation—founded upon a careful study of Spinoza's writings -- of the course of that philosopher's evolution, so to speak, out of the Jewish life and tradition into the broad fields of universal thought; while the latter, in the life of Moses Ephraim Kuh, the Jewish epigrammatist of Silesia, illustrated with a wealth of fancy the social condition of the Jews in the second half of the last century.

The Jews had as yet furnished no illustration of their own manners and mode of thought, unless it be in the expression of that feeling of servitude which makes the undertone of their writing, as of their life. Auerbach undertook to exhibit the real significance of Judaism, its habits and opinions, in a philosophical, but at the same time artistic, form. "Philosophy, science, civilization," says a French writer, "have all had their legends of heroes and martyrs." Has not Israel had its heroes and its martyrs too? Among the Jews of the Middle Age and the Renaissance and the later centuries, have there not been men who have fought and suffered for the human race? To paint these combats and these trials was to exhibit the Jews as zealously co-operating in the liberal movement of modern society, and so to do something to explode the restrictions which still hamper them. For this purpose, no better subject than Spinoza, and perhaps no better writer than Auerbach, could have been chosen.

Spinoza was one of those self-contained natures that either fascinate or repel us. Neither Goethe, who favored his philosophy, nor Jacobi, who hated it, ever attempted to penetrate the character of the man. They merely took his phi-

losophy, and made what they could of it. The influence, however, of Hegel had awakened a spirit of analysis which did not shrink even from the task of getting at the elements of such a character as Spinoza. The difficulty was, in doing so, to avoid adopting the ideas of Christianity as a stand-point,—a difficulty which, of all writers, Auerbach was best fitted to surmount; for, like Spinoza himself, he had been bred up in the Talmud, and had afterwards worked his way out of the limitations of rabbinism into the freedom of philosophical thought. Rabbinism and Catholicism were to him but diverse forms of the same inspiration. The Talmud was to the Bible what the scholastic philosophy was to the gospel; and, in his view, Spinoza, like Luther, was one of the liberators of religious thought. There is, indeed, in Spinoza's system much that is intelligible, and much that is salutary to one whose soul is open to the influences of nature; but it is also characterized, as Schmidt well says, by a certain severity of reflection, and a certain dryness of form, while in the hopelessness of its general tone it seems to trample coldly upon all individual life. But, trained by his own experience to enter into the mood and to appreciate the struggles of a thinker like Spinoza, Auerbach felt that there must have been many a sad vicissitude and conflict in the experience of such a mind before it arrived at conclusions apparently so gloomy.

The psychological explication of this problem, in an artistic form, is what Auerbach has aimed at; and, on the whole, it seems to us that he has succeeded very well in attaining his object. Saint-René Taillandier may complain that the separate pictures are but fragments, and Schmidt may think he breaks down when he touches upon the philosophy of Descartes: doubtless there are errors in its form, and defects in its substance; Auerbach was but twenty-five years old when he wrote it; and, although he has subsequently revised it carefully twice, it will hardly be expected to withstand very severe criticism. Of course, even in a philosophical romance, there must be something more than philosophy: for it is, after all, a work of art; and a work of art demands primarily the individual human element. You cannot portray panthe-

ism in a picture, but you can represent in an imaginative form the sufferings and the struggles by which a devout mind works its way out of a narrow creed into a faith that comprehends the universe. You can depict the character of a man so mastered by his intellectual conscience as to turn away from all the prizes that the world has to offer, in order calmly to fathom the divine word that possesses his soul, and to pronounce it at last pure and majestic as he finds it. Auerbach's task, therefore, was not to unfold Spinoza's system; but to show, with all the clearness that the facts of history and well-grounded conjecture will enable him to attain, what sort of a man Spinoza was,—and this in a vivid, dramatic way, so that the reader should be charmed in spite of himself, and be led to recognize the beauty and grandeur of a life which the ignorance and bigotry of men had so long blackened with calumny that his very name had become but another term for the gloomy despair of atheism.

We have only to regret, that, when the author made the final revision of his romance for the collected edition of his writings, he did not think it worth while to preserve, if not the citations and proofs of the first edition, at least the list—contained in the preface to the second—of the passages which were taken word for word from Spinoza's works, so that the reader who desired to assure himself of the accuracy of the philosophical statements, as well as to scrutinize the grounds on which many of its biographical conjectures were made, could do so easily. The translation, however, which he afterwards published, of the whole of Spinoza's works, from Latin into German, rendered this perhaps unnecessary to the German reader, who could readily refer also to the sketch of Spinoza's life, which Auerbach had prefixed to his translation; and which, besides being the first philosophical and critical sketch that had been made, possessed the advantage of having been based upon a thorough examination of both the sources of information as to his life,—viz., the Christian and the Jewish.

At this moment, therefore, when general attention has been called afresh to Spinoza as one of the illustrious thinkers of the

race, this representation of his inward experience — which to all the truth of a biography, so far as biography in this instance can go, adds all the fascination of a romance, so far as romance is allowed within the limits of probability — will not fail to be of service in dissipating many prejudices, and in opening the way to a wider recognition of the truth he taught, as also of the errors with which that truth may have been accompanied. For, as one of the ablest of living English writers has recently said,* “Spinoza shocks those who regard him from an antagonistic standing-point. No sooner is the mind disengaged from the trammels of old prejudice than we learn to look on his arguments as on those of Parmenides or Alga-zel: we ask whether they are true or false; whether they can be taken up into our philosophy, or rejected from it. This is the attitude of Germany. To some extent it is the attitude of France. It will become the attitude of England. For myself, I cannot accept Spinoza’s system; but I see how it was perfectly compatible with his own pure morality, and do not fear lest it should disturb the morality of any one who could conscientiously adopt it.”

Auerbach’s second Jewish romance dealt with the same general subject of the struggles of a thoughtful mind against the limitations of an inherited faith. This contradiction of the Jewish traditions with modern life was no greater, indeed, than that of some of the creeds of Christian sects with the intellectual and scientific development of the age; but the interest of *Spinoza* was due in great part to the subject: the ascent of this great thinker from the low level of Jewish life, or any other life, was a striking spectacle to all men. But the wrestling of an humbler mind with the problems it could not master, and with the currents of thought that swept it away from its ancient faith, required greater skill in the handling, to give it a universal interest. The sketches of Rousseau and Lessing and Mendelssohn and the rest impart, indeed, a certain vivacity to its otherwise somewhat ponderous didacticism, and the various portraits of the Jewish fam-

* Mr. Lewes: Fortnightly Review, No. XXII., for April 1, 1866, p. 399.

ilies with whom it is concerned are well done: but it is more fragmentary than *Spinoza*, and suffers more from the want of that absorbing unity which carries the reader on fresh to the end. Kuh was a liberal thinker, the friend of Mendelssohn, and acquainted with Lessing and Gleim and Nicolai and Lavater; and it was doubtless for the reason that he thus obtained an opportunity for a series of clever studies, that Auerbach selected him. Taken by themselves, these studies are all interesting; that entitled "An Evening at Moses Mendelssohn's" is an excellent picture, quite in the tone of the last century,—the work of an artist and a thinker. But to unite these separate sketches in that harmonious whole which the rules of art require in a romance, either a greater personage was needed for the subject, or a more dramatic plot for the evolution of his character.

His subsequent brilliant career carried Auerbach away from the higher regions of metaphysical discussion, and from all the dust and din of the schools, back to the sweet fields and the silent forests, and the hamlets, so peaceful and so simple, that he had loved and lived in when a boy. But, true to his democratic convictions, he endeavored at various periods to diffuse among the people, by portraits of the distinguished men of his faith, by illustrations of the principles that should control a nation's literature, and by those *Volkskalenders*, peculiar to Germany, which, after the manner of Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac," treated the events of the day in a colloquial way, attractive to all capacities,—he endeavored to diffuse, we say, clearer notions of the tendency in the thought of the age to greater freedom; and, at the same time, to awaken a more general perception of the fundamental unity of all human relations, in Jew and Gentile alike, in those bound in the spirit as in those who, like Spinoza, had attained a final emancipation from earthly limitations.

In a couple of stories, which he afterwards inserted in his *Deutsche Abende* ("German Evenings"), he attempted to blend philosophy with poetry, after the manner of the Dialogues of Plato; and it was from the same general desire to make the highest truths in philosophy intelligible to com-

mon minds, that he wrote *Der gebildete Bürger, Buch für den denkenden Mittelstand* ("The Educated Citizen, a Book for the Thinking Middle Classes"). His *Volkskalender*, entitled the *Gevattersmann* ("Godfather"), had a circulation in its very first year of eighty thousand copies, and maintained itself for four years in the public favor, until the crisis of 1848 put an end to it. It was revived again, however, in 1858 and 1859.

In *Spinoza*, and in *Dichter und Kaufmann*, Auerbach had addressed himself more directly to persons of a certain refinement and learning; to those who were attracted to the delicacy and subtlety of truth, rather than to the representation of the coarser passions and the grosser life, so common in the literature of the day. But his *Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten* ("Peasant Tales of the Black Forest"), first published in 1843, lifted him at once into the front rank of popular European writers, and made for him a more than European reputation.

Peasant tales of a similar character were not, indeed, new in German literature. In the last century, Stilling's autobiography, so familiar to us in the English translation, was but a picture, simple and graceful, of rural life and its quiet joys. It differs, however, from the representations of the same life that are made to-day, in that it was wholly an unconscious creation, springing, not from a disgust at civilization, but from an unaffected love of the changing beauties and the mystic repose of nature. Again: the idyls of the Palatinate, by Maler Müller, and Voss's touching pictures, had done something to take the German mind out of the dark byways of feverish and busy cities into the sunlight of green hillsides and the soft air of fruitful valleys. The immediate predecessor of Auerbach, however, but in a narrow way, was Zimmermann, in the episode of the *Hofschulze* in his brilliant and ingenious romance of *Münchhausen*. In contrast with the world (so full of falsehood and corruption) about him, Zimmermann felt the need of a character, limited to be sure in its sphere, but grounded in that moral principle, the want of which made those about him the mocking phantoms they

were. And, for the creation of this character, so rare, yet so true, he had many advantages. He had passed some of his earlier years among the peasants of Lower Saxony, the most original perhaps in all that diversity of peasant life in Germany; and, in the discharge of his official duties, he had become familiar with them in their daily pursuits. He was thus preserved from that false sentimentalism which tends to exaggerate one side of this sort of life, and so not merely to put the whole in a false light, but, if one may say so, in an impossible light. But Zimmermann died before he could follow up the vein he had so successfully opened. For the finer perceptions and the ideal purity of Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea* and Voss's *Luise* had given place to a more direct study and an exacter appreciation of this peasant life, so naïve in its ignorance, and so gloomy withal in its simplicity.

There was also another writer, to a certain extent Auerbach's predecessor, but in great part his contemporary, and with whom he can only be compared in entire misapprehension of the fundamental diversity in the structure of the minds of the two men,—we mean, of course, Jeremias Gotthelf, or, as his real name was, Albert Bitzius, for many years the busy, faithful pastor of the little village of Lützelflüh, in the valley of the Emme, amidst the Bernese landscapes, where he died in 1857. His writings were little known, till Auerbach had developed the taste for this sort of literature; and, though one cannot but admire his wonderful vigor and frequent humor, there is such a lack of artistic finish in his pictures, that for this reason, if for no other, they would always rank below Auerbach's, who, in this respect, is without a master in this kind of fiction. Gotthelf was an earnest worker among an humble class of people afflicted with a good many ills of their own producing, and a good many for which the State alone was responsible. To expose these evils to the people themselves on the one hand, and to the Government on the other, was the object he had in view when he took up his pen; and he did not lay down his pen, till, restless philanthropist that he was, he had written twenty-four solid volumes, many of them indeed quite open to the charge of being but literary

manufacture, if one does not bear in mind that, like the sermons he spoke in public, and the incessant sermons he extemporized in private, they all had an immediate purpose and a definite audience in view. The Bernese peasants pass before us in painful reality, with all their virtues and vices in their faces, and with their torn and muddy garb, rank with the smell of the farmyard,—just as they passed before Gotthelf's eyes daily to be catechized and reproved, to be taught a new way of preparing fodder for the cattle or cheese for the market, and to be indoctrinated with a proper abhorrence of radicalism; not less fatal, in his opinion, to religious belief than to all dutiful subordination to civil authority.

Gotthelf had a healthy, vigorous faith: life to him was positive,—a sphere for work, not for speculation. Auerbach began his career in an anxious seeking after the unknowable: from being a Jew he had become a Pantheist, and, as a Pantheist, it was upon him to explain life to himself and to others; and the mighty unrest of that task is visible in all his writings. As a Jew, indeed, by birth he was well fitted to lead the way in the endeavor, apparent in a good deal of the literature of the day, to show how the conscience of man can recognize sin, and how his will may be trained, and must in the necessity of things be trained, to wrestle with it upon grounds independent of those presented by Christian doctrine. But, as a mere thinker, Auerbach is not original: the philosophy which he has adopted as the explanation and the rule of life is not of his own discovery. He follows substantially in the footsteps of Spinoza, and shows the practical working of that thinker's doctrine in life, helping us to judge for ourselves of its worth by the success with which he unfolds it in action; as is especially the case with his last quite remarkable romance, entitled *Auf der Höhe*, of which we shall speak in a moment. We have merely to remark now, that it was this very philosophical freedom which helped him more than any thing, perhaps, to the peculiar success he obtained in his peasant tales; for there he not only had full scope for his faculty of acute observation, but a basis of human nature, so

to speak, unoppressed by the burden of dogmas, free from the disturbing elements of speculative thought.

For this modern civilization we fancy so permeating is found after all in many countries, when carefully scrutinized, to be but a sort of superficial polish: it goes down really but a little way into the masses of the people, and the bottom stratum is very likely to be wholly untouched by it. The Christianity these peasants of Auerbach had been taught might as well have been any other code of decent behavior, accompanied by sufficient superstitions to sanctify it. The men and women he had known from boyhood, along these bubbling mountain-streams, in these crowded hamlets, in these lonely wastes of forest, were men and women as near the state of nature as you could get for Auerbach's purpose. And so he described them just as they were, but made his description poetic; and the world was charmed with the beauty and veracity of it, and overjoyed to find in these unaccustomed ways, where no flower of sentiment, no fragrant poetic blossom, was ever gathered before, such a freshness of life in the midst of what was thought such a pestilent miasma. But the world had perhaps little insight into the conditions of that success. In Gotthelf, there was a solemn repose of faith like that of the Hebrew prophets. But along every page of Auerbach's runs an undertone of that *Welt-schmerz*, which his philosophy cannot banish, and which he has no religion to help him master. Yet let it not be supposed, that Auerbach is wanting in faith. To him, as Taillandier says, the world is beautiful, and life is sweet: it is the mystics, the false idealists, who, under pretence of embellishing, disdain it; it is the *blasés* who mock at it; it is the materialists who disfigure it. Let us, on the contrary, find out life,—what it contains. There is more poetry in reality than in the inventions of fancy; for the study of reality is the basis of science, and science is the noblest poetry. Let us study reality, then, not merely physical, but moral reality; for that alone is true and durable reality, and, in the end, explanatory of the other: that is, let the artist be a moralist.

The reading world in Germany had grown weary of the

triflers, who, by concealing their want of creative power under a forced frivolity of manner, had succeeded in keeping it in the heated air of the saloons, amidst gorgeous upholsteries and resplendent mirrors ; and it was weary, on the other hand, of the sensuous mysticism of the illuminati. The boudoirs of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, and the aristocratic saloons of Sternberg, were even more oppressive than the schools where young Germany preached, it was thought, the rehabilitation of matter. It was, therefore, like a fragrant breath of the blossoming springtime, like a breeze redolent of farm-yards and freshly-ploughed furrows and long reaches of oaks and beaches that came up now from the Black Forest, and braced the unstrung nerves, and gave a tone to the jaded mind. For these characters, so simple and true, were not the representatives of a system : they were neither demagogues nor preachers ; they were soldiers and wood-cutters and schoolmasters and schoolboys and emigrants, painted with a loving hand, with all their caustic *bonhomie* and all their vulgar vices. Living pictures, as it were, on the canvas, they answered the general craving for greater reality and a more earnest purpose. Political lyrics were stirring the people again, the national drama was reviving, the whole poetic tendency of Germany was taking a more vigorous and a more reflective turn.

And what these peasant-tales were to literature in general as the re-action from an over-refinement of culture, they were to Auerbach himself as the re-action from merely speculative, unfruitful thought. He had been knocked about for years amongst all the doctrines of the schools ; he had sat at the feet of Rabbies, and been overborne with the scholasticism of the Talmud ; he had listened to the lectures of famous professors, and tasted of the ripest fruits of philosophy and science : but in all these labyrinths of speculation, amidst these dust-heaps of dead learning, he had sought in vain for the lost peace of his soul. After all this intellectual exile, this spiritual vagabondage, he returned like the prodigal son to his old home among the forests and the hills, and, writing his peasant tales, began a new epoch in the history of German fiction.

But the very qualities for which these tales were at first most prized are perhaps the very ones which they most lack,—originality and naïveté: they are, above all things, the products of reflection and experience. It is not the consciousness of the peasant that speaks out of these sturdy figures; but the poet of fine æsthetic culture, reflective, and never losing sight of the questions that so vex the mind of the age. “The fundamental law of all poetic creation,” says a German critic, “is the free elevation of a given subject into the sphere of the universal.” Judged by that law, Auerbach has not succeeded in attaining the highest excellence in art; for, instead of creating idyllic scenes, he makes real events and characters pass before us: he goes down almost among the prolétaires, and brings them up, brutal and filthy as they are, and makes a psychological study, so minute often as to be painful. Deficient in the deepest poetic feeling, his speculative tendencies have overborne a good deal the freedom of his fancy. He is too thoughtful to idealize, and, moreover, too earnest in his purpose to do so.

And the immediate and universal success which he attained is due to the very fact, that in this seriousness he was true to the literary traditions of Germany; that his pictures were not open to the reproach under which so much of the current literature lay, of an excessive idealism or a dangerous indifference: for Germany had been drifting slowly into a denial of its own peculiar genius. It had taken up with a Voltairean turn, very ill adapted to it; and this perversion had gone so far, that schools were at one time founded in which irony and raillery were recommended as a salutary remedy for the intoxicating seductions of mysticism. And, side by side with this abnormal tendency, the old sin also of Germany had reappeared: it began to dream, not, as of old, the golden dreams that floated it into the luminous heaven of spiritualism, but the turbid dreams of socialism. The new spirit, therefore, which Auerbach now breathed into literature, was of an assuring kind. He was a clever story-teller; but he was also a serious artist: he had an end in view, and his readers had come to have one. His morality and theirs, however, was no

longer a string of commonplaces, which might be addressed as well to everybody and to all relations. Inspired by a certain philosophical optimism, he had conceived the profoundest reverence for the dignity of human nature; and this reverence he expressed, not in decorous phrases, but in the keenest analysis of individual and real characters. For true poetry was to him the study of details, and every literary work which pretended to exert a moral influence must justify itself by its realism. One feels, in reading him, that his mind was set upon the elevation of Germany, and set upon it with passion; and that, faithful to the German traditions, in observing the precept so well expressed by Boileau, that the merit of the man is not to be separated from that of the writer,—a principle, however, apt to be looked upon in France and elsewhere as a ridiculous notion of olden times by those, and they are many, who can find the indication of genius nowhere but in disorder,—faithful to these traditions, Auerbach may have lost something of the artist in the moralist; and to many of us, therefore, unaccustomed to look in fiction for any thing more than amusement, he may seem dull. But it must be remembered that he is a true type of the German character, and of the literary society in Germany in general, which knows nothing of adventurers and Bohemians, but recognizes in every man, poet, romancer, historian, or what not, a grave and special mission; and which insists, that all the more as the people give themselves over to industrial activity and to trade, the men who represent the interests of thought shall be held to respect themselves, in order that so their work may be respected. Hence that fragrance, as it were, of sincerity that refreshes us, even in works of a second or third rate sort; and hence that general subordination of the imagination to the law of duty, and that universal protest against an enervating or demoralizing literature.

In Auerbach's tales, therefore, it was not merely the subject, of a genuine character, limited as it was, that attracted attention, but the way in which it was treated,—terse, realistic, with a severe avoidance of empty phrases and swollen metaphors, and an earnest effort to explain the significance of

a certain kind of life in its permanent forms. The style, indeed, was so far removed from the usual *belletristic* flow, and yet so precise and graceful, that, in working out their great dictionary of the German language, the brothers Grimm paid special attention to Auerbach among contemporary writers. He had not that fulness of vocabulary so fatal to many; but his effort to express his thought exactly, his struggle for reality in words as well as in things, made him in many respects an authority. Critics may complain, that he made his peasants talk sometimes as no peasants ever did talk or could talk; but it was not for want of a thorough understanding of their dialect: it was from his tendency to analyze rather than create. As a psychological study, there is perhaps nothing of the kind in any literature like his *Geschichte des Diethelm von Buchenberg*, in the fifth volume of the *Dorfgeschichten*. And though he fails in following out logically or sustaining a passion to the end; though his story progresses, not organically, but by separate leaps, as it were,—there is nevertheless in the various motives and situations such a wealth of fancy, and such a wonderful reality in the various moods of mind he pictures, that the interest seldom flags; and one leaves him instructed by an inward vision of human experience he never had before.

Der Tolpatsch, *Die Kriegspfeife*, *Befehlerles*, and *Ivo der Hajrle*, in the first volume of the *Dorfgeschichten*, afford charming specimens of his *genre* style; while, in the second volume, *Die Frau Professorin* is looked upon as one of his best creations in general, and it is indeed a veritable pearl in German literature: but we cannot discover its special superiority to some of his other efforts, nor should we be inclined to rank it with the ballads of Uhland, as the chief illustration of the Swabian genius. *Florian und Crescenz* and *Der Lautenbacher*, in the same volume, may also be taken as delightful instances of his general merit. In *Lucifer*, in the fourth volume, he endeavors to show how rural manners and modes of thought are assailed by every forward movement of civilization, and that, although many of the charms of rural life are thus destroyed, mankind on the whole gains in the process; and in

this instance, again, he shows how far removed he is from that romanticism which, properly translated, means a preference for ignorance over culture: for he has never for a moment been faithless to the obligations his earlier training imposed upon him; his very fidelity to them, indeed, has led him into artistic errors which he would otherwise have avoided. For the unsparing severity of his representation of the internal conflicts and confusion in these stolid peasant hearts leaves on the whole a somewhat gloomy impression. The tragedies he exhibits playing about us under the surface of a life apparently so unruffled startle us by their violence; and the keener his psychological analysis, the more vividly do these passions take form, and the more unwholesome is the atmosphere we breathe,—we feel as if everywhere about us were the phantoms of a disordered and darkened world, waiting to repeat their wild, degraded play of discord and of vice. Moreover, in order to be still truer to the reality, Auerbach, like Balzac, has made some of his characters re-appear in almost all his stories, while the scene of all of them is the same,—namely, his birth-place of Nordstetten. His aim has been to depict a whole hamlet, just as it is, from the first house to the last; but, if these pictures are to be taken together as illustration of the morals of a single place, has he not painted a second Gomorrah?

The question, therefore, cannot but arise as to the import of such representations. Have these peasants, with all their stupidities and ignorance and *naïveté*, a claim to this careful study from a poetic point of view? Other novelists have introduced peasant characters; Walter Scott has many of them: but no other novelist has made them a speciality with such wonderful microscopic power as Auerbach. And therefore, if the subject, which in some aspects of it he has exhausted, yields fruits no greater than we find in these tales, may we not assume that the limits of it have been reached? As a German critic says, "There is no dialectic of passion or feeling among peasants." Like the unbroken monotony of their features, which show no trace of intellectual processes, their feelings have none of that variety and complexity which

you find in more cultivated classes; for they lack that sensitive nervous organization which is the product of culture, and is as natural to the better educated as the typical rigidity of the peasant's face is to him. Hans may be very fond of his Grethe; but his feelings at sight of her will hardly resemble those of Dante contemplating Beatrice, or of Goethe at the feet of Frau von Stein, or of Alfieri by the side of the Countess of Albany. In love, as in every other emotion of the soul and in every intellectual activity, there is a certain gradation of culture. The most highly developed minds and the best nurtured hearts are alone capable of the profoundest thought and emotion. Peasant tales, therefore, taken by themselves, are subordinate and limited in their character; for they are the picture of a dreary, poverty-stricken world, in which it is scarcely possible in an æsthetic point of view to interest the cultivated mind, which aspires ever to something beyond itself and still further developed. The moral and scientific importance of the subject, of course, we are not considering: how great that is, appears directly in every line that Auerbach has written, although he does not profess to make it his aim to indicate it.

Nevertheless, in thus leading the way back to realism, which must always be the basis of all true art, Auerbach has certainly rendered a great service to literature. Yet we fear in the end it will be, as Schmidt says, that we have tasted so much of the sweet poison of civilization that we can no more go back to the simplicity of a peasant hut in the Black Forest than we can live in a kraal on the banks of the Orange River; for, though we have taken down fairy tales from old women's lips as they sat spinning, and caught up curious sayings of journeymen artisans as they jogged along the highway, it has been with a view to make use of them in the saloon or opera-house or learned academies; and it will probably be the same with peasant tales: they will live on in poetry, but die out in reality.

Of Auerbach's later novels, *Barfüssele*, — which was translated for us several years ago by Mrs. Lee, — *Joseph im Schnee*, and *Edelweiss*, we have only to say, that, although deficient in

some of the qualities which made his "Peasant Tales" so famous, they are nevertheless somewhat livelier in tone, and more cheerful in coloring. But if Auerbach's genius slumbered a little for a time, it revived again in all its vigor and freshness and exquisite charm in the romance which he published this last year, entitled *Auf der Höhe*. We count it as next to the *Dorfgeschichten*, his leading work; and, moreover, as one of the few good novels that have, as yet, been written in Germany. The right of translation is advertised as reserved to Dr. Max Schlesinger in London, and to Bayard Taylor in America; and we hope that either the one or the other will see to it, that it is soon put into an English dress. The plot of it is simple, yet the interest of the reader, although not kept at a feverish heat as in the popular fiction of the day, never flags; for there is less of what an English reviewer calls "that fatal skill of Auerbach's in throwing a charm around separate incidents, to the detriment of the unity of the subject." In its general conception, it aims to illustrate the wrestlings of a noble mind with sin, from a pantheistic point of view; the passing out of the purified soul from the limitations of its turbid individuality into the grandeur of the universal life. Irma, the heroine—and moreover the chorus, as it were, of the drama, revealing its significance—is a high-spirited, gifted daughter of the nobility, maid of honor to the queen, and beloved of the king. She repents of her fault, and withdraws to the solitude of a peasant's hut to work out her repentance; and, at last, when she has ascended up out of the discords of earth, to die at one with the peace of nature and the laws of her moral being. In contrast with these higher scenes are pictures of a lowlier life, in which Walpurga, the shrewd, guileless, faithful peasant-woman, who has been brought to court as a wet-nurse, is the chief character. The realism with which she is depicted is sometimes coarse, and often tedious; but, on the whole, she is one of Auerbach's best creations, wonderful for its originality and veracity, and all the more true to the reality of things in that the sphere in which she moves is represented as subordinate to a higher one. Upon the other characters—the lackey Baum, and the lonely Eberhard, and

the wise, thoughtful Gunther, to say nothing of Zenza, and the black Esther, and the brutish Thomas, and the pitiable Bruno, and the rest — we need not dwell. Irma's diary, as she wrote it out in the agony of her self-imposed expiation, marked as it is by great delicacy of thought, may be said to be the burden of Auerbach's philosophy of life. The restless reader, of course, will skip it; but one who seeks in art the profoundest revelation of life will linger over it as the mournfullest exhibition of a human soul struggling to right itself by its own unaided powers that has ever been presented to him. This Magdalene, without a religion; this contrite heart, with only the vast spaces of nature to take note of its repentant throbbing; these weary eyes, red with weeping, and no face to look upon but the great sweep of nature's processes; this haunting consciousness of evil, and no bosom to lay the burden of it in but the swelling sea of the universe,—what a picture is that of philosophy striving to allay this burning fever of sin!

With his early political tendencies, Auerbach could not fail to sympathize with the Revolution of 1848; but he had been recently married, and the illness of his wife, soon followed by her death, prevented him from taking part in it other than in opposing the Polish agitators at Breslau, who claimed all Silesia as far as watered by the Oder for their future republic. In the autumn of that year, however, he made a journey into Austria, and was a witness of the Revolution in Vienna, of which he wrote an account that was translated into English. He married again afterwards, and lived for a good while at Dresden, which, with Munich, has become one of the brilliant centres of the German imagination; the home of Ludwig Richter, so popular even in this country for his humorous illustrations; and, for a good while, of the sculptor Rietschel, now dead. He lives now in Berlin, and is described as "a person of fine appearance and singular sweetness of disposition, with uncommon social and conversational powers."

The Revolution, however, of 1848 suggested to him a tragedy, the political violence of which he lived to outgrow. The character of the Tyrolese chief, Andree Hofer, celebrated

for the short-lived part he played in the resistance of the Tyrol to the French in 1809, has been the subject of a good deal of discussion: on the one hand, he has been represented as vacillating and of feeble ability; and, on the other, as the incarnation of heroism. When Zimmermann published his tragedy of Hofer in 1828, the Tyrolese veterans who had aided him could not recognize the features of his naïve and hardy character in the transformation he had undergone into a Judas Maccabæus; and perhaps, in the midst of Auerbach's violent declamation against the sovereigns of Germany, they could recognize him as little in the latter's representation of him, as the victim of the cowardice and treachery of the Emperor of Austria.

But Auerbach has grown wiser as he has grown older: he has given over political for moral revolution; for, individual and interior reforms once made, legitimate revolutions follow of themselves. His motto, as has been well suggested, might have been borrowed from Angelus Silesius, *Le bien ne fait pas de bruit: le bruit ne fait pas de bien*. The patience which he recommends is the patience of the man who will reform himself: the courage which he illustrates is the courage of the man who can see his illusions melt away, and yet not become indifferent. "In the midst of his rustic stories, he inserts a discourse," says a French writer, "grave, solemn, evangelical, a sort of sermon on the mount; and this sermon is the glorification of human activity. 'There is a pulpit, who knows where it is? There is a congregation, who can tell its name? In this pulpit, before this congregation, a preacher without office or title might say, I have come to speak to you of the majestic crown of man,—and the name of it is TOIL.'"

This idea of individual regeneration appears in his long and unsuccessful romance entitled *Neues Leben*. It was under this title that Dante related the mystic ecstacies of his youth; but Auerbach applies it to the present situation of Germany, to the doubts which have obtained possession of many minds, to the disenchantments which have afflicted many hearts. His doctrine is, "You believe in God, and do

not lose your confidence, though his every way may seem dark and mysterious. I believe in humanity, and believe that it is destined to attain absolute sanctity and absolute beauty." Yet this new life, is it the religion of Strauss? or the humanism of Bruno Bauer? or the atheism of Feuerbach?

ART. III.—WHAT IS THE VITAL TRUTH UNDERLYING THE TRINITY?

IT has come to be a recognized principle among the most advanced students of theology, that every great and widespread belief, every doctrine which has been clung to and lived in through a long series of years, no matter how false its form may be, must have its core in some precious and substantial elements of truth. The human mind was never made, even in its lowest and grossest state, to be satisfied with error alone. A lie—which is a lie and nothing more, the same as a body which is all disease, or a soul which has sinned till it is utterly without goodness—must die inevitably of its own nature. It is the truth inside of falsehood which gives it life and beauty, which makes it loved and clung to, which enables it, like a fortress full of men, as compared with one which is only dead matter, to resist attacks and repair the ravages, which from time to time are made in its walls. The pertinacity with which the world clings to many things which we regard as superstition and poison, is evidence not of its love for error, but of that craving for what is true which will take it even in its worse forms, rather than not have it at all. There is no false system of doctrine which has not had a providential mission, either as a poison neutralizing some other poison, or a bitter shell holding within it the germ of a precious fruit. God is to be found in the history of error, not less clearly than in the progress of truth and the course of events. It is better for our moral,

the same as for our physical health, to have all the elements of food, even though mixed up with some things which are inert or hurtful, rather than to have none at all, or to have one separated entirely from the others. And when we find a doctrinal statement, which we feel sure is wrong, resisting all our attacks, and held not only in the minds of scholars but by the great common heart, it is absolute proof that the world needs it, is better off with it, errors and all, than with our pure half truth, and that it is something we need conquer to possess, not to destroy.

Recognizing this principle, it is an interesting and most important question, what is the vital truth which underlies the Church doctrine of the Trinity? We have no doubt, that every statement of this doctrine, which was ever made, and which ever can be made, is false. It is contradictory in itself. It is opposed by the most explicit terms of Scripture. There is no analogy for it in nature. Again and again its defences have been battered down, and the doctrine itself logically demolished. Yet somehow it has survived all its destructions. It is one of the oldest doctrines of the Church. Nine-tenths of the strongest and best Christians that have ever lived have believed it. It is connected with all the great revivals of religion; is as prominent in all light of modern science, as in the darkest night of the middle ages; and is held to-day, by the whole Christian world, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, except a mere handful of liberals, as a most vital part of its religious faith. What is the secret of its strength? How are we to reconcile our position as Unitarians with these undeniable facts of Trinitarianism?

Rev. J. F. Clarke, in his recent most valuable book, "The Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy," has stated, in its best form, one of the ways by which a reconciliation has been attempted. He supposes the essential truth, which underlies the doctrine of the Trinity, to be, that "the Deity has made, and is evermore making, three distinct and independent revelations of himself; each revelation giving a different view of the Divine Being, each revelation showing God to man under a different aspect." "The Father would seem to be

the Source of all things, the Creator, the Fountain of being and of life. The Son is spoken of as the manifestation of that Being in Jesus Christ; and the Holy Spirit is spoken of as a spiritual influence, proceeding from the Father and Son, dwelling in the hearts of believers, as the source of their life,—the idea of God seen in causation, in reason, and in conscience, as making the very life of the soul itself.” “There are these three revelations of God, and we know of no others. They are distinct from each other in form, but the same in essence. They are not merely three names for the same thing; but they are real personal manifestations of God, real subsistences, since he is personally present in all of them.” “It is the same God who speaks in each, but he says something new each time. He reveals a new form of his being. He shows us not the same order and aspect of truth in each manifestation, but wholly different aspects.” “It teaches that God is immanent in nature, in Christ, and in the soul.” “So that, when we study the mysteries and laws of nature, we are drawing near to God himself and looking into his face. When we see Christ, we see God who is in Christ; and when we look into the solemn intuitions of the soul, the monitions of conscience, and the influences which draw our hearts to goodness, we are meeting and communing with God.”

There seems to be some confusion in the language here used, as to whether Dr. Clarke makes the Trinity consist in the three aspects of God which are spoken of, or in the three modes by which he is manifested; also whether the Father is to be considered one of the manifestations of Deity, or as the entire Being who is manifested. The meaning, however, that we get from his words, as a whole, is not that there is any real distinction in the Divine nature otherwise than of its attributes, but that the one eternal person of the godhead is revealed to us in the three ways of nature, Christ, and the soul; and that, through each of these ways, we get a view of something in him which is different from what we get in the others.

Now, there can be no question as to the general facts on

which this reconciliation is based. God is manifested in nature, in Christ, and in the soul; and it is the same Person who is manifested in all these different ways. But is this really the vital truth which underlies the Church doctrine of the Trinity? Is it the source from which it grew, and the reason for which it is held? Or is it an after-thought, made to explain away its logical difficulties, and make it more acceptable to the thinking mind?

The objection starts up at once, that, whatever truth the view itself may have, it is not, in the proper sense of the words, a truth of Orthodoxy. It is not the kind of trinity in which the Orthodox churches believe, and which they have clung to for so many ages. The doctrine, as generally held, is that God is revealed in Scripture as three persons,—Father, Son, and Spirit,—having special points of difference; and that these three together are one God. Even Sabellianism, which comes nearest the view of Dr. Clarke, makes the distinction consist in the relations of God to the world as Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, rather than in the modes by which he is revealed. There is no prevailing statement or conception of the Trinity which lays any stress on his being manifested in any separate modes. Hence, as an explanation of the vitality there is in the Church doctrine, it entirely fails.

Then, in regard to the view itself, it does not do full justice to the words of Scripture. Christ says, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." The Father, however, is a term which denotes not an attribute or manifestation or aspect of God, but the Eternal Being himself. It is the name of all he is; the word which expresses the highest conception of him the human mind has ever reached. And it is hardly possible that Christ meant to say otherwise than that he was a revelation of the entire Deity. So with the words of Paul in Colossians, "For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead bodily." What other meaning can they have, than that Christ was a manifestation, not merely of one part of God, different from what we have in nature and in the soul, but of the whole God, of his wisdom and power, and justice

and quickening influence, as well as of his love and mercy and redeeming grace? And, in general, the idea of a Trinity of manifestations through nature, Christ, and the soul is as foreign to the phraseology of the Bible as that of a Trinity of persons.

It is not a view which is corroborated by any thing which is seen in the world around us. The difference there is in the manifestations of God through nature, Christ, and the soul is not so much of kind as degree. It is not so much a different, but a larger, view of him that we get in Christ, over what we find in nature and the soul. Is it in Christ only that he is seen as Father and Friend? Have the sparrows and the lilies nothing to say of his care and tenderness? Has the Spring no lesson of his life-giving power? The golden sheaves and the bending fruit of Autumn, do they show us nothing of his friendship and paternal love? There is no real ground for the words, "He shows us not the same order and aspect of the truth in each manifestation, but wholly different aspects." Christ only speaks in clear, articulate words what the soul whispers faint and low, and what nature is striving, with its poor dumb lips but its speaking face, evermore to tell.

But the gravest objection to this view, as containing in any way the vital truth of the Trinity, is that the division of the ways in which God manifests himself into the three of nature, Christ, and the soul, is entirely arbitrary. What ground is there for saying, "There are these three revelations of him, and we know of no others"? Are not the revelations of himself in history, in society, in the moral order of the universe, as distinct from those of nature, Christ, and the soul, as these are from each other? Is he not revealed as Providence, Legislator, Judge, and Ruler with the same distinctness that he is as Creator, Redeemer, and Spiritual Quickener? And are not the embodiments of his truth and justice, in principles and laws, ways in which we know him, as truly as those of his power and life in nature and the soul? Yea, what ground is there for calling any of these manifestations *one*? Are not the modes of revealing himself in the beauty

of the flower and the sweep of the hurricane, as much two as those in Christ and in the common soul? And, in the creation of our intellectual and moral and emotional life, do we not see him in forms which are quite as different as in those of our natural and spiritual being? There are a thousand, nay, there are countless things of which it may be said, "he speaks in each, but says something new each time," "reveals a new form of his being," "shows us not the same order and aspect of truth, but wholly different aspects," just as truly as it is said of these which are now taken to make up the Trinity. The selection of these merely is like the old notion, that there must be four elements and only seven planets, or like dividing the stars into any fixed number of constellations. The truth is, the whole universe is a manifestation of God; and there are as many modes of this manifestation as there are objects in it, rising in clearness, one above another, and culminating at last, not in three orders, but in the one Christ, "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person."

No: we believe the vital truth of the Trinity lies at once nearer the surface, and is wider reaching, than this idea of three manifestations. There is one principle, one great law, which extends throughout all religions, just as there is through all the complicity of the natural heavens, explaining alike their motions and forms. It is the same truth which underlies fetishism, polytheism, gnosticism, dualism, Mariolatry, and pantheism,—a key which unlocks not only the mystery of three persons in the Godhead, but all the multiplied forms in which the Deity has ever been conceived of. It consists in this. The human soul is made, in its very nature, to want in its worship the whole circle of Divine perfections, the allmighty, gracious, good, and fair,—to want it both as an object of contemplation and as one with which to commune. This want, indeed, is very far from being one of which it is permanently conscious; but it is always in it as a controlling force, at once leading it to worship, and shaping its conceptions of what is worshipped. The spirit, even in its lowest and most grovelling state, will not be satisfied with a limited

divine nature, with that which embodies only one or two or three of the attributes of Deity. It craves them all in some form or other. And if they are not presented to it in the knowledge of one being or one person, then inevitably it is led to seek after and adore them in others.

It has been a question with theologians, whether the earliest form of natural religion was that of monotheism or polytheism. It would seem, however, both from history and on the general grounds of what the condition of human nature was in the earliest ages, that man had a countless number of deities, and deities not far away but resident with him on the earth. Brute animals, plants, the elements, things most obvious to the senses, were the ones in which he first saw the divine element. No one of these, however, could present him with all the attributes of God. The bull was a manifestation only of strength; the owl, of wisdom; the serpent, of eternity; the sun, of life-giving energy. Hence, in order to get all which the heart craved for in its worship, it was necessary to have, not one or two, but a vast number of deities. Fetichism, in some of its aspects, is false and degrading enough; and yet to the larger view there was a grand reason in it. It testifies to the aspirations of our nature for a divinity, such as could be found in no one object of earth,—not the greatest. Its truth was, that God is not far away, but manifest in the most familiar objects around us; its falsehood, the very same that we find now in the Orthodox conception of Christ,—that that which manifests God is God himself.

But men cannot be satisfied always with the worship of animals and things. These are seen to be limited and imperfect expressions of what they want. Many different things present themselves as the types of wisdom, strength, beauty, and goodness. The tendency is to idealize, to combine, to get at something better and fairer than any visible object, the unseen attribute of divinity which lies behind them, and give that a local habitation and a name. Men are deified. The various powers, first of the material then of the spiritual world, are supposed to have a personal head;

and the different departments of nature and life, the ocean, heavens and under-world, commerce, art, learning, and agriculture, are regarded as having special divinities, who preside over them, and take their interests in direct control. This multiplication of gods, especially as we find it in the mythologies of Greece and Rome and Northern Europe, is apt at first glance to seem absurd, the mere vagaries of the imagination, a useless burden placed on the religious nature. But, as we look deeper, there is seen to be a method about it. It results inevitably from the desire within us for the full circle of divine perfections. The human mind has not yet arrived at the sublime conception, that one Being is able to unite all excellencies, and to be present everywhere at once. Minerva has only wisdom; but a man wishes to adore something else than wisdom. Diana has purity; but purity alone cannot satisfy the soul. Venus has beauty and love; Apollo, grace and strength; Mars, force: but with each of these there is wanting all the rest. And so, by the very necessity of our nature, when man once starts with the idea that one person can have only a part of the divine attributes, there must be persons enough to supply them all. The same principle holds in regard to the multiplication of local divinities. Jupiter can be only in one place at once, Neptune in another, Pluto in another. But man wants to find Deity in every place, wants his care and help in every interest of life. And so, when one was localized, it became necessary to have enough for all possible localities. A pantheon, which united all the parts, was the logical result of a partition which separated the divine nature among different persons. And the truth which lies at the centre of all polytheism, is that the Divine somehow must embrace every possible perfection, and be present everywhere.

The step from polytheism to the belief in one God, perfect and omnipresent, was too long to be taken all at once. It had to be made by various stages. The work began with the Hebrews, whose great teachers, far back, spirit-taught, proclaimed the simple unity of the Divine nature, "Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord." But the mere doc-

trine of God's unity was not enough, could not satisfy all the spirit's wants. The Hebrew conception of him was narrow. He was self-existence, power, purity, justice; but the God only of one people, and without those sweeter and gentler attributes which are revealed to us in the Christian Father. Hence, inevitably, the Israelites, seeking after more of God, fell into the worship of the heathen divinities around them, Bell, Dagon, Astarte, Moloch, some of whom represented those very qualities which they had failed to get in their idea of Jehovah. It was an idolatry, paradoxical as it may seem, that in one sense was divine,—a going away from the true God only to seek more of him. There was no kind of punishment—earthquake, pestilence, famine, subjugation—that was ever able to cure them of it. And it is a notable fact, that only when the sweet singers and the later prophets of Israel had enlarged the conception of Jehovah, representing him as grace and mercy and tenderness, do we find the people settling down quietly into the permanent condition of monotheism.

But with the process of combining the divine attributes into one Person, not only among the Jews but among all nations, there was another and backward movement almost inevitable, going on at the same time. The original conception of their deities, with all religions, seems to have been that of their immediate presence. Jehovah went with the Hebrews in all their wanderings, a cloud by day and pillar of fire by night: he abode in their ark, led them to battle, and governed their state. Olympus and Asgard, the dwelling-places of Jupiter and Odin, were parts of the earth. And the hosts of divinities which gathered around them—Apollo, Mercury, Venus and Minerva, Thor, Freir, Balder—were conceived of as mingling daily in the affairs of mankind. But with the doctrine of God's unity, with the conception of him as one mighty Being, embracing all the attributes which had been divided among countless divinities, the tendency was to remove him away from earth and earthly things. It was a more terrible thing to hold communion with such a Being. He could be gone to only on great occasions. A set order

of men was necessary to deal with him, and his favor could be gained only by costly offerings and sacrifices. And this process of exaltation continued in the East, until he was considered not only to have no present connection with the world, but to be too great and holy even to have made it with his own hands.

But a deity like this could not long satisfy the human heart. It wanted a being, not only perfect and infinite as an object of adoration, but near and genial, to hold communion with. And out of this want we have the æons—Mind, Reason, Wisdom, Truth, Power, Life—of Gnosticism, the innumerable Buddhas of Buddhism, and the trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, that we find in the religion of the Brahmins. They are the media by which the Deity, far removed from earth, was supposed to make it and control its affairs,—not separate persons from Deity, nor yet God himself, but emanations from him, as light from the sun, the stream from its fountain, the branches from the tree. They were incarnated in earthly forms; and it was only through them that men could know anything of the divine nature. These religions are vast heaps of superstitions, philosophic subtleties, and the wildest speculation. It is not possible for any human mind, in the present age of the world, to comprehend their full meaning, or enter into their spirit. And yet, beneath all their crudity and extravagance, the one great truth is recognized, that, however great and far away God may be, he is present likewise somehow in human affairs, and to be communed with by the human soul.

With the exaltation of the Divine attributes into one perfect Being, there came also another doctrine which has had a vast influence in the world,—that of dualism. The deities of polytheism had a mixed character, had human passions, desires, and weakness, side by side with their divine powers; and it was easy, with such aid, to explain the origin of evil. But when the Deity was conceived of as one infinite Being, the centre of all goodness, wisdom, power, the questions at once arose, What is the source of the wickedness, the imperfection, the pain, of which the world is so full? Would

a good Being have created these? Could they have come into existence of themselves? Surely not. Whence, then, could they have been derived, but from another being, the embodiment of all evil qualities, and powerful enough to match God? Hence the belief in two principles, beginning far back among the sages of ancient Persia, taking, in the third century, the form of Manicheism, and descending to our own time in the popular doctrine of Satan, the prince of darkness, as opposed to God, the Father of Light. And with the common idea of evil,—as an essence and not an incident in the universe, a part of the final consummation of all things and not a stage of imperfection through which we are to pass on, with the idea that an evil place and some evil souls are to be eternal,—there is no escape from dualism. Its logic is unanswerable. An omnipotent and all-wise Deity, so good as to hate evil, would not create it to be an ultimate part of his universe. And it is this truth, too great and precious to be slurred over, that lies at the base of the dualistic philosophy.

And now we are prepared to see how these principles, running through so many other doctrines, are carried out in the origin and meaning of the Church doctrine of the Trinity. With the Hebrews themselves, the idea of God, which had come to them finished from the later prophets as one exalted Being, was enough, especially when combined with their anticipation of the Messiah and his reign on earth, to satisfy their wants. But not so with the Greeks and Romans, when Christianity, and with it, in spite of our Saviour's revelation of the Father, the old Hebrew idea of the Divine nature, went forth among them. They wanted him as a present Deity, and wanted somehow to incorporate in their worship those larger and grander conceptions of the Divine which had come to them through Christ,—justice and mercy, hatred of sin and love of the sinner. A Deity dwelling in the heaven of heavens, and yet present everywhere on earth, they had not yet learned to conceive of as possible in one person. They were qualities which, it seemed to them, could not dwell together, yet which were all divine, and all what they could not help

adoring. And hence, what more natural than that, with the unity of God's being, they should strive to unite the conception of three persons, one in the heavens, just, wise, mighty, the eternal Father, whom no man had seen or could see; one in Christ, loving, merciful, tender, supplementing what they thought was impossible in the character of the first; and a third, the spirit of God descending on earth, operating directly on the souls of men, and with whom they held communion? It was not done all at once, not done consciously at first. The three persons seem to have been made divine separately to begin with, and then afterwards, from logical necessity, united in one; the process being helped by the subtleties of Greek philosophy, and the result apparently sanctioned by some things in the phraseology of Scripture. But, however this may be, the thing itself was no work of human ingenuity, no exceptional development, but a legitimate growth, the inevitable continuation, if not culmination, of a process which had been going on from the very dawn of religious thought. And from that time, yea, and all down through the ages, it has been the only form, under existing conditions, in which the highest truth about God could show itself.

We find, then, two vital elements of truth in the Church doctrine of the Trinity. The first is its placing before us all the attributes of divinity as objects of adoration, the gentler ones of mercy, love, sympathy, as well as the sterner ones of justice, power, wisdom, and holiness. It is all of these which the soul needs. It is better that we should have them in two persons, rather than to have only a part of them in one; the error of form being of slight moment as compared with that in substance. The real question is, how much of the Divine nature do we get before the soul, not in what ways do we get it. And the mere unity of God in that age of the world would have been a bald, unsatisfying faith. Then, too, with the richer, deeper aspirations which Christianity aroused in the human soul, it was inevitable, that, if Christ had not been deified, some other and lower being must have been. It is a curious fact, mentioned by Mrs. Jameson, that in the Middle Ages the conception of Christ as the em-

bodiment of mercy and compassion was gradually obscured, the idea of him as a stern judge taking its place. And what was the result? Why, the human soul could not give up the worship of these divine qualities, and the Virgin Mary was endowed with them, and made the object of the people's adoration. She is represented in paintings of that period as the pure, tender, loving woman, interceding before her Son, just the same as Christ had been before the Father, for the welfare of our lost race. She is now adored in all Roman Catholic countries equally with the Father, Son, and Spirit; is really a fourth person of the Godhead. It is worship which arose in precisely the same way, and on the same grounds, as that of Christ. The only reason why it was not transferred to Protestantism, along with the doctrine of the Trinity, is, that the necessities of Protestant theology have restored Christ to his original place as the embodiment of grace and mercy. It shows how inevitably the soul must have these qualities somehow in its conception of Deity, and is a most striking confirmation that this is, indeed, a vital thing in the doctrine of the Trinity.

Another truth which underlies it is the immediate presence of God in the world and with the soul. It matters not how exalted and pure and immaterial we consider him to be, how far removed from men in the grandeur and holiness of his character, there is one part of his personality, the Holy Spirit, not a dim influence but God himself, that is taught as pervading the world, and dwelling most intimately in the human heart. It is a most glorious truth. There was never any thing in the polytheistic conception of religion, with all the earthly locality which it assigned its gods, no lares or penates presiding over the household, no idol in its shrine, no image carried on the breast, which brought the divine so near, so immediate to the world, as the Church doctrine of the Spirit. We ourselves are his temple. He warns, directs, convinces, comforts. His breath is our inspiration. Our joy is in his touch. And through him we mount up, ever and ever, to the higher life. It is impossible to estimate too highly what the value of this truth has been through all the

Christian ages. It has been the connecting link between the Father, removed far off in dim eternity, and his children here on earth; the only way in which the faith, if not the heart, of the Church could have had a present God. And the intellectual fiction of a divided personality, by which it has been accomplished, has been a slight matter in comparison with the greatness and worth of the truth which has been within it.

It is these facts about the Trinity which suggest the true method of doing our Unitarian work. Two tendencies, each of them towards the unity of God, are now in operation with the Christian Church. One is the concentrating of all the divine attributes in the person of Christ; the words of one of the most popular Orthodox teachers, that the Father is only a dim and shadowy effluence rising up far away behind the deity of the Son, being true very largely of the common heart. The other tendency is to the oneness of the entire godhead in the person of the Father. And it is between these two issues,—not between the authority of Christ and the intuitions of the soul, which is merely a preliminary skirmish,—that we believe is to be fought the great battle of the future. It is in the line of this faith, the conception of God the Father as all in all, that our work lies. And there is only a single way in which it can be done. All past experience shows, that to attack the Trinity,—or what is now becoming the chief point in the doctrine, the deity of Christ,—on its logical side, is utterly in vain. It is clung to in face of the clearest demonstrations of its untruth. It somehow feeds the soul, gives it the fulness of the Divine nature; and what avails it to prove by argument that food is dust and ashes when millions of beings are using it every day, and finding it give them grandest health and strength? The only way is to make sure, that all the truth which is in their doctrine is furnished likewise in ours. There is nothing in the logical form of the Trinity which its believers care for. There are thousands of them who cannot repeat its terms, and scarcely any two, even of its scholars, who define it the same way. It is the underlying truth which makes them hold it. We need

to show, that all the divine attributes, all which the soul craves for of God, inhere and must inhere in the one person of the Father; and to insist that the whole of that one person is here on the earth, is ready to dwell in the humblest soul, as truly as in the heavens. We want to show, not by demonstration merely, but actually, experimentally, that our faith can afford as much of Deity and the Divine nature, and bring men as truly into communion with the Eternal Spirit, as that of the Trinity. It is only so far as we can do this, only so far as we can show that all which is vital in their system belongs just the same to ours, that they ought to take it, that the world will really be the better for their having it. And, when we have accomplished this work, we shall find without argument, without one thrust of logic, its intellectual form, like a body without life, will shrivel up and waste away. We might learn a most important lesson in this respect from our Universalist brethren. When they started as a denomination, instead of asserting directly the doctrine of the Divine Unity, the exigencies of their cause led them rather to insist on those attributes of the Father's character which had been obscured, or ascribed only to Christ,—his mercy, goodness, love, and grace. The result is, that not only is the whole denomination itself Unitarian in theology, but it has done a work in this way, with the world at large, which is more significant even than that of extending its own original doctrine.

We believe, then, that, as a whole, the Church dogma of the Trinity has had a most important and providential mission to perform in the religious education of our race. Its error was the partition, not the negation, of truth. There was no doctrine of the Divine Unity possible in that age of the world when it was first developed, which could ever have done its work. It is, perhaps, one of the finest examples in all history, not only of the soul of good in things evil, but of the way in which the Eternal Spirit makes one imperfection play into another, and from the shapeless blocks of falsehood builds up the mighty arch of truth. But, with all the service this doctrine has done in the past, we cannot regard it as a finality,

cannot believe it is the absolute verity. The law of its development, like all the rest of God's laws, is running forward into the future not less than coming up from the past. The same forces, acting on the same principles which led to the world's growth out of fetichism and polytheism, are still at work. And the culmination of the process, the final doctrine in which the whole race is evermore to rest, is that of one Person, the Eternal Father, embracing all excellence, immanent in all things, and accessible, without rite or priest or intercessor, directly to all souls.

ART. IV.—ON SOME CONDITIONS OF THE MODERN MINISTRY.

Proceedings of the National Unitarian Conference, in Session at Syracuse.—Report on the Supply of Ministers. By S. H. WINCKLEY.

THE claims and prospects of the Christian ministry have generally been urged, as they are urged here, with a noble disregard to certain material conditions of its existence. It is to the honor of the profession, that this disregard is especially conspicuous in all its own appeals for encouragement, and the inducements it offers to its own recruits. It has left to the literature of romance, such as "The Minister's Wooing" and "Dr. Johns," the statement of its actual relations with the public that maintains it; and to secular journals, like "The Nation" or "The Round Table," the protest against the straitened terms by which it often lives. Among themselves, the members of that profession—whatever their private confessions of difficulty or hardship in their experience—have said little, we might almost say have been unconscious, of what to many has seemed its chief embarrassment, in comparison with that great spiritual want, that great Christian task, to which its services are pledged.

And yet there are reasons why the members of that profes-

sion should make their own voice heard on a point which has attracted so much public attention. It is well that it should be looked at from their position, and spoken of in counsel with one another, and with the community at large. Curious misunderstandings, and injustice in the zeal for justice, are sure to follow when it is looked at only from a distance. Thus a writer in "The Round Table," commenting indignantly on the scanty ministerial salaries in Connecticut, speaks of three thousand dollars as the *least* that ought to be paid, charging the prevalent scale of maintenance to a deliberate wrong on the part of the public. We say nothing of the very desirable standard of recompense proposed: would that it were possible! But, as to the charge, we extremely regret that it should have gained ground, and even been echoed from some professional channels. So far from doing wilful injustice to its religious institutions, we consider that, in the older parts of the country at least, they are the pet extravagance of the people, and that the community is taxed to a very unreasonable amount for their support. True, this extravagance consists generally in the multiplication of sects and accumulation of church debts; rarely, though sometimes, in paying salaries unreasonably large. But it ought to be more distinctly seen, that the public is not ungenerous, but unwise, in its expenditure for church purposes; and that the chief ecclesiastical want, financially speaking, is not a greater munificence, but a truer economy, in the appropriation of its means.

There is one fact, at the outset, which it appears to us important to state very explicitly. In plain terms, it is simply this: This profession, along with a cordial welcome, with many social privileges, with as sure and liberal and honorable support as any to the individual who enters it, does not, as things are, provide — *and the public does not care that it shall provide* — for the maintenance of his family, or the costs of a domestic establishment. We say nothing of the few instances to the contrary that might be pointed out, except to say that they are exceptional. In every case with which we are well enough acquainted to speak with confidence, a preacher who maintains his family respectably, and clear of

debt, does it by means outside of his profession. We need not press the details. But we know that many a young man, on entering it, does not understand this cardinal financial fact; and for want of it we constantly see cases of what, in any other profession, would be a criminal and reckless haste in assuming the heavy responsibility of what is called a "settlement in life," together with a false and hurtful expectation on the part of one's parish or friends, that he shall do it. Hence, in more instances than we like to confess, the humiliating and painful spectacle of chronic insolvency and hopeless debt, in a man in full health, in full activity, in full course of professional success; or else a secret, dreary, painful struggle, aggravated perhaps by the dread of parochial change, and darkening with years into the sure prospect of poverty for one's self, dependence and suffering to those for whose welfare he has pledged his own.

We have alluded, in a single word, to those changes of parochial relation which make this point press so much more keenly. But we must stop to show how it affects this more than most other professions. In the first place, a change of this sort suspends—in many cases, definitely cuts off—the whole of one's customary resources. Few will have the courage or ability to wait for the loss to be made fully good. Many will be compelled, by stress of need, to accept such measure of compensation as presently offers. So, by sharp and sudden steps, a man may decline from comparative ease to real indigence, from the mere lack of ability to bide his time. Again, in almost any other profession, a faithful workman may reasonably hope that his legitimate income in it will be larger at fifty years than at thirty, corresponding with his increasing needs. In this, almost alone, the likelihood is that it will be less,—relatively, perhaps, much less. Pride, expectation, sympathy, popular gifts, are often mostly on the side of the young: the older must win what they win with less enthusiasm, and by a soberer esteem. The days of anxious dependence, or perhaps penury, come just when the harvest of life is gathered in other callings; as the ease of an ample present maintenance comes in this just in those early years

when other callings bring their season of anxiety and struggle. So that, in a great measure, the pecuniary conditions on which the ordinary economies of human life rest, are in this case reversed.

Again, a compulsory change of residence — whether actual, impending, or only seen as probable in the distance — takes out the heart and the stability from whatever else a man may bethink him of for a resource. We wonder, sometimes, at those miracles of thrift by which country ministers of the older times, on salaries almost nominal, could afford a style of living and a hospitality unknown to their successors, and still provide college education for their boys, and a comfortable independence for their old age. But in truth it was a comparatively simple matter. The salary was a *life-annuity*. The parish was a life-long home. A modest estate of two or three acres — perhaps thirty ; a social position, definite and unchallenged ; an absolute deliverance from restless ambitions or apprehensions of change ; a thrifty turning of the soil at need, or, frequently, the resource of family pupils or college exiles, — made conditions of material support such as most men might envy, and any wise man find sufficient. Besides, the salary was no measure of the real professional emolument. Was a parsonage to be built ? the foundation-stones, a large part of the lumber, and half the days' labor would very likely be voluntary gifts ; did charities and hospitalities strain the narrow income ? the housekeeping stores might be swelled from the larders of half the parish ; in "killing-time," the choicest side of bacon would find its way to the minister's ; in apple-harvest came, with brief emphasis, a message from the largest orchard in town, "Send your barrels."* All this, not in the way of "donation-parties," —

* In illustration, we copy from the record kept by a country minister's wife of her first month's housekeeping :—

Feb. 4, 1818. — Barrel of apples, barrel of

sweet apples, loaf of wheat bread, and
bowl of cream, Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

Two loaves of brown bread, sausages, pork-
steaks, salt, pickles, Mrs. Col. Whitney.

Bottle of wine, Lewis Eager.

Load of walnut wood, Col. Eager.

Bowl of soap, Mary Ann Whitney.

5. Cheese, sausages, Col. Eager.

Roasting-piece of beef, Mr. Benj. Munroe.

Bottle of cream, Mrs. B. Munroe.

6. Pot of honey, Mrs. Williams

too often a shabby apology, in the guise of charity, for the neglect of justice,— but in the way of frank reciprocity and neighborly custom. We do not speak of it as a thing whose loss is on the whole to be regretted. It belonged to a state of things which has passed away, and is not likely to return. But it has left us two real embarrassments in dealing with this matter,— first, a state of general feeling or expectation, touching a minister's style of living, which ill fits the change in his relations to the public; and, second, a standard of pecuniary recompense which encourages the multiplying rather than the strengthening of parishes. If a seceding church can muster its six hundred dollars of revenue,— the amount of its old pastor's life-annuity,— it considers itself justified in offering it, as the uncertain income of an uncertain term, to the candidates for a position growing ever more and more precarious,— we need not say with what probable effect on the dignity and ability of the profession. In showing how the

Half-a-peck of Indian and 2 qts. of rye meal, Mrs. Col. Whitney.	17. Bbl. of cider, piece of beef, Col. Crawford.
Cruden's Concordance, 2 pairs of gloves, Madame Whitney.	A spare-rib, N. Brigham.
7. Bottle of cream, 2 quarts milk, Mrs. B. Munroe.	A chine of pork and sausages; loaf of bread.
Bottle of milk, Mrs. Williams.	19. Piece of beef.
Bottle of currant wine and figs, Madame Whitney.	Three pecks of Indian meal, one peck of rye meal.
Half a large squash, Col. Whitney.	20. 3 quarts of milk, Mrs. Williams.
8. 7 lbs. of flour and 1 pair of chickens, Dr. Ball.	21. Load of wood, Jonas Bartlett.
A pot of soap, Mrs. Oliver Eager.	30 sausages, bowl of cream, Benj. Munroe.
10. Beefsteaks, &c., Mrs. Benj. Munroe.	Piece of beef, peck of apples, a cheese, a loaf of brown bread, ditto of white bread, and four quarts of soap, Silas Bailey.
11. Piece of beef and bushel of rye, Winslow Brigham.	23. Bottle of cream, Sol. Sherman.
Piece of beef and a cheese, Jonas Ball.	26. 4 cords of wood, Asa Fay.
Piece of beef and 4 lbs. butter, Abel Warren.	27. A large spare-rib, Jonas Ball.
Shoulder of pork, Phin. Davis.	Mar. 1.— A keg of pickled cucumbers, Col. Crawford.
Loaf of bread and mince pie, Col. Eager.	2. A salmon-trout (5 lbs.) from Winnipis-seogee, Sam. Seaver.
Bottle of cream, Mrs. O. Eager.	March-meeting cake, Mrs. Col. Whitney.
Bottle of cream, Mrs. B. Munroe.	4. 3 quarts of milk, Mrs. B. Munroe.
12. Bottle of cream, Mrs. Williams.	3 quarts of milk, Mrs. Sherman.
13. Load of wood, Abel Warren.	5. Load of wood, Oliver Munroe.
14. 3 pints of milk, Col. Whitney.	Half a day's work (chopping wood), by Asa Maynard, Luke Howe, Taylor Brigham, John Carruth, Mr. Rice, and Nahum Eager.
4 lbs. butter, lard, honey, sausages, Mrs. Joel Parmenter.	
Load of wood, Silas Bailey.	
16. Bushel of oats, Benj. Munroe.	

economies of the earlier time were possible, we have shown, at the same time, how hard they are to practise now. Little encouragement to underdrain the glebe or plant the orchard, where five years is a long tenure, and most are less than three ; nor of other avocations will many flourish in a migrating and itinerant life. And, such as they are, public opinion sets sharp limits. We remember the scandal in Hollis Street, when Mr. Pierpont sought to "turn an honest penny" with his lathe ; a most estimable friend and excellent minister, of inventive genius in mechanics, was carped at as "that machinist" by some who heard him preach ; scarce any measure of gospel grace would sustain a carpenter, a tentmaker, or a fisherman in the apostolical succession now ; and, though a minister may put his spare revenues in public stocks, he may not, without cavil, give them openly to the exchangers, and so receive them back with usury. Wise or foolish, we do not complain of these restrictions ; only refer to them to show, that the one economical condition of *permanence* in the elder ministry has not yet been made good.

Perhaps we shall be pardoned for a word, in this connection, touching the equivocal relations with parishes, which grow out of unsettled questions of professional duty. We refer to those cases where a man's honest conscience brings him into direct collision with the dominant feeling, or dominant interest, of his parish. The case of Mr. Pierpont was one heroic and memorable instance ; but Mr. Pierpont was the winner in that long struggle of fourteen years, purely through the legal advantage of his life-tenure. It is only justice to younger men to say, that his very success has made any similar struggle far more difficult for them ; since it did something to establish the now universal stipulation, for the termination of contract at a few months' notice. Morally regarded, such collisions as these we refer to have shown the very noblest side of the professional character, particularly among our younger men, who had every thing to risk, and little to hope, in a conflict of conscience and self-interest. Still, aside from class feeling or personal feeling, let us endeavor to look at the simple fact. It is not *being true to one's own conscience*

that makes the sore point, but *doing it at others' expense*. A man of sensitive feeling is compelled to see, that, unless he stands frankly ready to forfeit his professional support, when he engages in such a controversy, he does one of two things : either he compels a part of his congregation to pay him money against their own wish,—a thing in the highest degree repulsive to one of honorable feeling; or else, by a division in the parish, he compels his friends to pay twice as much as they agreed, or would willingly consent, that his salary may be unimpaired. Either alternative is apt to appear equally discreditable to him and unjust to them. And the only solution that will probably seem to him at once dignified and honest,—a sorrowful solution at best,—is, in event of such a collision, frankly to submit the question of the continuance of his relation to the fresh, unbiassed, decision of the parish. He may sacrifice, for a time, his personal interest, and even his means of livelihood; but he has done his very best service to the real honor and independence of his calling,—a service of which his successor, if not himself, is sure to find the benefit. A man says he cannot afford it. Very well, then, he cannot afford to stay in that particular pulpit ; at least, he cannot afford to press that particular point of conscience. An honest man, in such a case, is likely to consider that he has entered into a definite business contract, to fulfil a course of duty assumed to be well understood, and that he expects, quarterly or monthly, to draw his stipulated pay. What entitles him to that pay at all, excepting the free consent of the body corporate of his parish ? This reciprocal obligation, official on one side and pecuniary on the other, very greatly embarrasses the simple case of conscience, which seems at first sight to be offered.* It is very much to be regretted,

* A friend of our own, minister of a Unitarian congregation in England, met a case of this nature in a way which seems to us manly and honorable. Learning that part of the revenue of his chapel was derived from the rent of beer-shops,—which, as a consistent temperance man, he earnestly opposed,—he first remonstrated with the trustees of his congregation; then, on their declining to withdraw the property from that use, he declined to receive so much of his salary as was derived from that source. The result naturally was his withdrawal at the end of the year,—with no hard thoughts on either side,—to useful and honored service in other fields.

that the problem, when it comes up, is not left to solve itself (as it often might) in a natural and right way: but a pressure is brought to bear from without; a cry of "political preaching" is raised on one side, and on the other there are never wanting those to goad a sensitive conscience into a position which there may be neither force of will nor capacity of intellect nor popular gifts to sustain. There are cases, again, where a wrong public spirit seems to offer a direct challenge to whatever of right conscience and Christian manliness there may be in the profession. And, whatever a scrupulous casuistry may decide in any given instance, this at least ought to be said, that the profession owes the rescue of its honor to those, many and nameless, who have proved their simple allegiance to duty; and, to their great cost, have accepted the challenge in the same obstinate and indomitable temper that offered it.

We look, for the solution of these embarrassments, to the truer relations between the profession and the public, which we are sure will grow from this long controversy,—truer, not in the sense of mechanical fixity, but of adjustment to altered conditions of thought and other habits of life. In particular, as we hold, there must be developed, in forms as yet unsettled and unfamiliar, a style of professional character and expectation, and a code of professional duty, the equivalent of that *loyalty to the welfare of the parish as such*, which prevailed when this profession was a more definite and precisely recognized order than it is now. And this must come mainly from the general recognition of a precise and definite sphere of duty in it,—one not quite commensurate, perhaps, with all the ranges of human thought, or all the applications of divine morality, yet broad enough and grand enough to enlist the enthusiasm and command the loyalty of competent men. In a period of "drift," of party passion and of restless change, it has been inevitable, that many of the noblest minds enlisted in this profession should believe in ideas, not institutions; should even expressly disclaim any loyalty to the Church, claiming to be only servants of the Truth. But the task of a liberal Christianity will be incomplete, until it

shall have perfected an organization so divinely generous and noble, so humanly tender and dear, so entwined with the best traditions and affections of the past, as to be worthy, for its own sake, of the utmost devotion that a man can give.

To this, then, our argument and illustration tend,—to an organization of the Christian ministry among us, better adapted than any we have attained as yet, to the needs of the time, to the fitnesses and opportunities of its members. The conditions which appear to us most important to be observed are these two,—first, that it shall turn to account the spontaneous enthusiasm and exuberant vitality that belong to the first years of active manhood; and, second, that it shall interpose some check to those personal anxieties and embarrassments which often take from the later years of professional life full half their vigor. It is not too much to say, that every thing turns on the direction given to the first five years of service. Here let the Church take a lesson from the State. When the young, highly-educated officer enters the army of the nation, it is on a low grade, with hard service and poor pay. He does not grudge that he must spend weary years in a frontier garrison, or risk his life in a pitiful skirmish with half-naked savages, or reach the prime of manhood rarely knowing the charm of cultivated society, and never expecting the secure comforts of a home. And yet, in this service, with all its petty rivalries and jealousies, its few opportunities of a finer culture, its sullen and haughty pride, we find the very type, all the world over, of professional honor, fidelity unto death, and a self-respect that bides no stain. Shall that which some of us love to call the service of the Lord Jesus, the captain of our salvation,—what others of us prefer to call the service of truth, humanity, and the living God,—win less enthusiasm, fidelity, zeal, than the following the nation's flag? We are well assured, that a very large proportion of those who enter this profession at five-and-twenty, do it with hearts all ready to respond to the call for service just as arduous and as poorly paid as that,—service on the frontier, in weary circuits, or among the poor in the city streets,—if any man would show the way. And this

service would educate and train them, as nothing else could, for the very highest work and the very noblest privileges of the Christian ministry in riper years.

In illustration of what we have urged, and by way of experiment, we add the following outline of a *working plan*, which has received the approval of some of our most intelligent and experienced men. Let us suppose, that the American Unitarian Association—or any similar body, holding sufficient funds—should offer to enlist for special service, under its own direction, a limited number of young candidates for the ministry.* We would suggest some such conditions as these: That the term of enlistment be for a definite time, say five years; that the immediate compensation in money be a sum strictly limited for personal expenses,—say two hundred dollars a year,—understanding that lodging and board will be found in the place of service, and that the necessary costs of travel will be defrayed; that an equal sum, say one thousand dollars in all, be paid at the end of five years' acceptable service, or a just proportion of it in case of disability or death; that any candidate who, by marriage or settlement or engaging in any other vocation, relinquishes the service, loses all further claim upon the Association; while the directing council or committee are held bound in honor to promote, in all fit ways, the professional advancement and welfare of its faithful servants. Such a plan would offer no interference, or even modification, to such professional relations or personal aspirations as now exist; but we are sure that it would open to a class of young men (however small), standing always ready,—those to whom the ministry is not a profession merely but a *vocation*,—an opportunity which

* Among the forms which this special service may take, we may indicate missionary service in prisons or hospitals, or among the poor; the gathering of churches and Sunday schools in cities; education of freedmen and refugees; the supply of old and dwindling parishes; experimental labors in new communities; together with auxiliary service in large and laborious city parishes. All these are tasks eminently fit to be done under responsible direction; essential to the complete work of the Church as an institution in society; and the very best training for the early years of professional life.

they would embrace with joy, and would be the beginning of a new and nobler future for the profession. The certainty of employment and support in his chosen work is the best privilege a young man can ask; the habit of personal economy, rigidly taught, is one of the first steps to a manly independence in it; a definite, modest capital in hand is one of the best guaranties of that independence; while that immense vitality, that vast fund of moral enthusiasm, in the educated young,—always existing, as much as when it flashed itself suddenly into notice all over the land, five years ago, at the nation's call,—would be used to noble account, instead of being wasted among mean anxieties, or lost in the weary, broken, unprofitable way.

Moreover, we hold that a council of wise and experienced men, such as our proposition supposes, might do a much-needed service of guardianship and direction for those to whom the work of the ministry is new and strange. It is needless to point out the many ways in which it might be exercised, to check serious mistakes of inexperience, to prevent fruitless and painful controversies, to adjust the special qualities of the men to the fittest line of service. What wastes of moral force, what sharp personal grievances, might be saved! Any jealousy lest young men should be unfairly dealt with, and kept injuriously in the shade, would of course be met by the fact, that the service proposed is purely voluntary, and is suggested not as a substitute, but as a supplement, to the actual methods of professional employ. Any broader and broadening control over the work of the ministry, as now constituted, it must win by the demonstration of its fitness. We assume, in suggesting it, that *the need really exists* which is set forth so earnestly in a class of documents we have referred to; and that the need must increase very greatly, in proportion to the large and magnificent scale of action contemplated in our more recent enterprises. If liberal Christianity is ever to do its perfect work, or any respectable share of it, in the great Christian regeneration which our civilization needs, it must be by agencies more extended, more harmonious, more wisely di-

rected, controlled by a truer economy, and capable of enlisting a nobler enthusiasm, than any we have established in the past.

And, finally, it appears to us clear, that the first step towards such a consummation must be taken by a body actually existing, commanding public confidence, and having the disposal of revenues sufficient to make a fair experiment. We therefore urge it, with all respect, upon the directors of the Association we have named. To the suspicions that might be whispered as to ecclesiastical rule and spiritual control, we answer, that some confidence may well be yielded, and some discretion entrusted, to men of our own choice, responsible from year to year to the public that commits to them its voluntary gifts; while the experience of all the world, we think, shows the vastly greater enthusiasm and efficiency of any service under responsible, acknowledged leadership. It has often seemed to us the cruellest among the real hardships of this profession, that the young candidate for its services and honors is ushered at once from the seclusion of his preparatory years, from "the quiet and still air of delightful studies," upon the responsible duties and among the complicated social relations of the modern ministry. There are strong, able, and willing men—there are, occasionally, men of genius and power—to whom this prompt assumption of all manly responsibilities is easy, glad, and natural. For such,—men of strong convictions and matured energies,—the ordinary conditions of the Protestant ministry seem to have been specially created. For them, we are glad of all its liberties and all its trusts. But there are other men,—of less natural force perhaps, yet not less valuable in the diversities of administration which the Church requires,—to whom a season of preliminary service, a novitiate (as it were) in the duties and trials of their profession, under the guidance of wise counsellors, seems the one thing needful for the ripening of their powers. Who can tell the number of those, uncomplaining and unknown, who find themselves, at middle life, in a false position, out of which they see no way of escape, simply from the lack

of an opportunity at the start to test their powers, or adapt them to a suitable field? Fine, venerable traditions, touching many of us personally and closely, have made this profession very dear and honorable to us; and we greatly desire to see the adoption of any course which shall endue it with fresh honors, by giving fresh nobleness and inspiration to its work.

ART. V.—BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, VOL. IX.

SIX years ago, we welcomed the eighth volume of Mr. Bancroft's History. It was the first in the history of the Revolution. Since that time, the people of this country have carried through another war, for the complete determination of those eternal principles which led them to their first struggle. They have worked through it with unwavering resolution, worthy to be compared with that in which their independence was born. The second struggle has also resembled the first in its varying fortunes; failure and success alternating in the efforts of the true cause, as they only do in the very noblest of dramas. May we add, perhaps, that this second war of independence has resembled the first in its illustration of the worth and power of a people, whether that people have leaders or have none? Led or not led, even "a headless democracy drifts to victory." As, in the crucibles of history, the reputations of the Revolution are tested, straw and wood gave way long ago, paste and colored glass lasted a little longer, and now all the foils and pinchbecks are beginning to fuse, and there are left, all the more brilliant because the rest are gone, a few real diamonds set in pure gold. Of the time "that tried men's souls," there were many showy reputations, but, after all is over, so few real heroes. The last six years have tried men's souls as the seven years of the Revolution never did. And the verdict of history upon them, after a hundred years, will be of the determined resolution, the se-

rene faith, and so of the unhesitating power of a free people. Will there be more than one or perhaps two names of men whom history will remember as of the very first, rising above the general crowd of those who have nobly dared and nobly suffered?

While the nation has, in these immense studies, reviewed all it knew of the histories of its fathers, Mr. Bancroft, forward among the foremost in the cause, speaking and acting his best wherever he seemed most needed, has been, at the same time, steadily working on in the history of the Revolution. We have now his second volume of that history, the ninth volume of the history of the country. Beginning with the morning after the Declaration of Independence, the volume ends, with a certain dramatic fitness, with "that broadest generalization of all" which follows the narrative of the presentation of Franklin to Louis Sixteenth, when France recognized the independence declared two years before. This volume of the old history is all full of the lessons of the new. The American people will read it in a different spirit from that in which they read the volumes before; just as the author has written with new power, and with purposes newly defined, under the light of present illustrations. It is not simply that we know the difference now between a haversack and a howitzer; it is not that we have general officers who had never seen a regiment together seven years ago, who have now had a wider experience than ever Greene had, or Washington. It is no mere matter of the surface which has been illustrated. We have seen the jealousy of competitors whose quarrels for rank seemed to them more important than victory over the enemy; we have seen the passionate favor of a moment of success changed into blame as passionate in a moment of failure; we have seen the cowardice by which barking curs can accuse, before the nation, public officers, whose duty to the nation compel them to make no reply. So we have had living before our eyes the miserable intrigues of the Continental Congress, of the Conway cabal, and of those poor ambitions in which Lee and Gates lost their short-lived reputations for ever. Most remarkable of all, the struggle in which

the Union was preserved has taught us, in present life, the essential principles from which the Union was born. Mr. Bancroft could not have written his noble chapter on the Confederation before these years of analysis and victory, which have tested the worth and the strength of the Constitution.

The volume divides itself first into the effects of the Declaration of Independence at home and abroad. Next come the military operations of 1776, interrupted only by the chapters which describe the negotiations of the Howes and the course of opinion in England. Next, and before the history of 1777, is a valuable study of the American constitutions, as they were formed at various periods of the war. Burgoyne's campaign in the North and Howe's movement upon Philadelphia both come into the volume, which then closes by the very curious study of the Confederation to which we have alluded, by an analysis of the Conway and Gates intrigue, and by the narrative of the foreign negotiations which brings it to a close.

We were all of us bred to regard the revolutionary period as a golden age, so far as our fathers were concerned. Indeed, to the very youthful mind, there arose sometimes the anxious question, — How it could be, seeing the American armies seemed to be all made up of virtuous heroes, despising death, and led by paladins of superhuman valor, of whom Arnold was the exceptional traitor, that, in a war between them and the English and Hessian mercenaries, the struggle could have lingered so long. As our readers know, this fond delusion has been ruthlessly dissipated since we were children. Mr. Bancroft stands in the front rank of relentless analysts who dispel all such glamour, and, in doing so, show the real difficulties which the determination of the people and the gallantry of their best leaders had to encounter. In this volume, he bravely stands with his back to the wall, and strikes right and left at almost all comers. Schuyler, Lee, and Gates; Heath, Putnam, Greene, Sullivan, Wayne, and Reed; and, of the civilians, both Adamses, most of the members of Congress, Arthur Lee, Silas Dean, and Izard, with others, "too

many for to name,"— come in for a rap from relentless history. Even Robert Morris does not pass quite scathless. So much of justification is there for the charge made in conversation, that Mr. Bancroft wishes to make of the history an historical romance of which Washington and Franklin are the only heroes.

But this charge is by no means just. Mr. Bancroft bears steady testimony to the constancy of the people to its determination to carry the thing through; and to the wisdom which, on the whole, characterized the popular endeavor, whenever to the people a fair appeal could be made. It is idle to pretend, as a certain sentimentalism in France did pretend at the time, that the armies of the Revolution were armies of Arcadian shepherds, whose crooks were hardly developed into firelocks. It is the duty of the historian, writing at the end of a century, to expose what is left of such absurdities; and, if Mr. Bancroft has failed, it is a failure on the right side.

The truth is, that the first two or three years of the Revolution were spent, by officers as well as soldiers, in learning the art of war. We need only the illustration to which we have already referred, of what went on, both in the loyal and confederate armies, in 1861, 1862, and 1863, to show how impossible it is to acquire a working knowledge of that art excepting in the field. Washington himself says, in the autumn of 1776, that he had not a general officer who had ever seen more than two regiments together before the war began. It is no discredit to such men to say, that they made mistakes when they were first called upon to apply in practice such theoretical knowledge as they had gained. Nor do we believe that the military men whom they received from Europe rendered to them the help in this regard that they expected. It was twelve or thirteen years since the Continental wars had ended. And, although many men from Europe presented themselves wishing high command in the American armies, very few of them had held service in Europe requiring them to direct the movements of bodies of men. Lee, Montgomery, Conway, and Stirling were certainly

of very little service in the lead of men. Steuben and Pulaski were probably the best of them. But Steuben had attained no higher rank in Frederic's active service than that of a captain who had acted as a brigade adjutant, and Pulaski is probably correctly described by Carlyle as "having a talent for impromptu soldiering." It may be added, that the experience of three centuries now, from the time of De Soto to this moment, has shown that the military science of Europe requires immense changes before it can be adapted to America. On the other hand, indeed, the light-infantry tactics of modern times were carried from America by Cornwallis and the other foreign officers, and introduced into the English and Continental services. Very fortunately for us, there was no more experienced skill in the conduct of the English armies than in that of our own. Where we should be to-day if Clive had lived to be placed at the head of them, instead of the incompetent illegitimate uncle of the king, is a question which the students of "ifs" are fond of asking. For ourselves, we believe we should be just where we are. The steady determination of the American people was something which no skill in leadership could break down. For all that, we are glad that we were left to the very tender mercies of Howe and Clinton, directed by the waywardness of Germaine and the pig-headed obstinacy of the king.

Let us grant, then, that all the American generals were learning their business in the first years of the war. That is no disgrace to them. Let us grant, that when Putnam, at Brooklyn, sent a brigade to repulse the whole English army, he acted under the impulse of fight, which makes men determine to do something, without much study how much will come of it. It is not a disgrace to Putnam's memory. It is simply the acknowledgment that he was a brave, impulsive man, used to wood-fighting, but without any experience in the broader movements of the field. We find it necessary to say all this, because it is evident that the publication of Mr. Bancroft's volume will call forth a multitude of side-discussions as to details in the great conflict, and that half the skirmishes and battles of the war will have to be fought over again—on paper.

In the limited space which we can command, we do not propose to go into any such discussions. Unless some of them assume more critical importance than we now think probable, we shall not enter into them. We have attempted, in what we have already said, to enter into the general principles which we think should govern the discussion. Certainly we do not think Mr. Bancroft is to blame in awakening it again.

Of the two commanders who led the English forces in 1777, it is hard to say whether the English people had most right to be indignant with Burgoyne or with Howe. It appears from a good-natured excursus of Mr. Carlyle, in his "Frederick," that Burgoyne won his laurels in an attack on Valencia d'Alcantara, in Spain, Aug. 27, 1762. The storm was very grand, according to the English newspapers of the time; and the troops behaved with great courage. As their loss was four killed and twenty-one wounded, the perils were not of that kind which now make reputations. Such as they were, however, Burgoyne made his. With the assistance of some good plays which he wrote for the theatre, and with the controlling advantage that he was the illegitimate son of one lord and the son-in-law of another, he was, at the end of fourteen years, put in charge of the best-equipped army which England could send out, to separate New England from the middle provinces, and to crush out the war. Burgoyne arrived in Quebec on the 6th of May; on the 6th of June, he had taken Ticonderoga; and the war minister then wrote to General Howe that he anticipated an early junction of the two armies. On the 19th of September, Burgoyne had advanced fifty miles as the bird flies, half of it by uninterrupted lake navigation,—not half a mile a day. On that day, he met the repulse at Saratoga; and, on October 17th, his army capitulated.

This seems a very miracle of inefficiency. But General Howe's performances at the same time, which have not been so vividly displayed in history, deserve the palm, as it seems to us, for superior lethargy; although we cannot but regard Howe as the superior officer of the two. The whole plan of

the campaign being co-operation with Burgoyne, Howe, for his own reasons, was very languid about co-operating. He had the favor of the king and the support of Lord North, but was always at swords'-points with Lord George Germaine. But he was left free to conduct the campaign as he chose, and very remarkable choices he made.

What he chose was this. He made, in April, a raid on Connecticut, with a handful of troops, which lasted three days. In May he did nothing. In June he concentrated his forces in New Jersey. By the 12th of June, he had seventeen thousand at Brunswick,—the finest body of men in the world. But he gave up the idea of marching on Philadelphia, if he had ever had it, and, on the 5th of July, began to embark his troops to go to that city by water. The fleet was three hundred sail. The men lay in New-York harbor, in the stifling heat, till the 23d; then sailed; and on the 25th of August, after a voyage of thirty-three days, anchored in Elk River, fifty miles from Philadelphia. As Howe was but eighty miles from Philadelphia when he started, he gained twenty-six miles in the fifty-one days between the 5th of July and the 25th of August.

To compare this movement with Burgoyne's, not for rapidity but for slowness, is to measure snail against tortoise. Going more than half the way by water, Burgoyne advances at the rate of a little less than half a mile a day. Going all the way by water, Howe makes the same speed to a very small fraction,—half a mile a day.

In eight days more, the army is disembarked, and ready to march. On the 11th of September, Howe fought the battle of Brandywine successfully,—a well-planned battle, in which Cornwallis's spirit and good sense, as so often in the war, won their reward; and, on the 26th, he took possession of Philadelphia. But what he went there for, or why he stayed there, it is impossible to say. "You say Howe has taken Philadelphia," said Franklin: "I think Philadelphia has taken him."

Mr. Bancroft has made large use of a body of information, wholly new to the people of this country, which he has se-

cured in Germany. It is made up of the official reports, and private letters and journals, of German officers who served here with the mercenaries bought by the English Government. They are popularly called "Hessians" in this country, though all of them were not furnished by the principality of Hesse. The account of the transaction by which the smallest of sovereigns furnished these troops to the least military of war departments is a chapter of history about as disgraceful as any that has ever been written down; and, if there is left one sentimentalist who has a tear for the disposition which, in the order of Providence, has been made of many of the small German princes, and, as we hope, may be made of all, his sorrow will be relieved, and his tears will be dried, as he reads this exposition of what such principalities and dukedoms come to. Why the English Government could not recruit any troops worth speaking of in England, does not very clearly appear. Fighting has, at other times, always been sufficiently popular in England for a sufficient number of sergeants, with a sufficient number of shillings, to get together a sufficient number of recruits for foreign service. But, on this occasion, home recruiting hardly seems to have been tried. The agents of England in Germany were even instructed to say that every thing would be overlooked in supplying mercenaries, if they were only promptly furnished. But the whole scheme, for practical purposes, broke down, under the opposition of Frederick the Great, who set himself firmly against it as soon as it was attempted in the second year.

The private journals and the despatches of the German officers, with the exception of some of Baron Riedesel's, to which his wife's journal called attention, have been hardly noticed by our historians. They furnish some very interesting details in addition to those we had before, which were but scanty at the best, from the pens of English officers. Some of these were printed at the time, and have been exhumed by Mr. Bancroft from forgotten journals. Many of them are quoted from the original manuscripts first brought to light by him.

The twenty-sixth chapter, which examines philosophically, and in some detail, the Articles of Confederation, discloses the foundation of our present institutions, with the notions or prepossessions in the minds of those who were then conferring together for the first time, from which the articles themselves took shape and color. Our recent trials give special interest to the examination thus made; and, of the thousand theories thrown out by different disciples of Mr. Calhoun in the last twenty years, half would have been spared us, had those who propounded them made any such study as is here, of their lamentable insufficiency for the purposes of government. The idea of the Confederation, according to Mr. Bancroft, was to substitute the power of the Confederacy for the right and prerogative of the King under the old state of things. He makes this out, even in some curious detail. Now, as all the Revolutionary statesmen had already, in the discussions of their separate colonies, gone to the very edge in abridging the prerogative of the king, it followed, in mere consistency, that in the new system they abridged the function of the Confederacy with the same severity. It is scarcely fair to suppose, that all the shackles which, by its own act, the Continental Congress imposed on all its successors, were due merely to mutual jealousy among States, which were, on the whole, working very cordially together. Something of such jealousy there was; there was also, very predominant, the fear on the part of the small States, that they should be swallowed up by the large, as the kingdom of Man might be devoured before breakfast by the King of Great Britain. Then there were all the warnings from history of the power which Austria gained in the German Confederation, and like examples all the way back in time. But beyond this, as Mr. Bancroft very fully shows, there was the habit, ingrained now in near twenty years of controversy, of abridging central power for the enlargement of that of the separate members of the State.

We have been so accustomed to kick and cuff the old Confederacy, whenever we dug it up from its half-forgotten grave, as to forget that there was in it any advance on the

social order which preceded it, or that we inherited any thing of prime value from it when in that grave it was buried. But Mr. Bancroft calls attention to "four capital results, which Providence, in its love for the human race, could not let die," which were secured by this misshapen and loose-jointed instrument,—this child of revolution, whose birth was so long protracted, and at last effected in such agonies, that it began to die as soon as it was born, and that all men rejoiced when at last its sufferings were over.

First, that a republic was possible through a continent. This principle was first announced, and really first established, by the Confederation. The old republics were simply the governments of cities; the Continental Congress proclaimed that republicanism may equal the widest empire in its bounds. So triumphant has been the demonstration of this truth, that, in this generation, we forget that it was ever doubted. But, in truth, the leading political writers of the last century speak of republics, almost of course, as being the governments of small communities, precisely as the ecclesiastical authorities are fond of speaking of congregational order in the Church,—as an order belonging only to scattered communities or to the infancy of things.

Next, the Confederation recognized the rights of men, as men, and it gave reality to the Union by making the recognition. It permitted no distinction of sect, color, or race: free "inhabitants" were free citizens. This was an immense enlargement of the measure of acknowledged right and privilege. The necessities of slavery still compelled the distinction between "free" and "slave;" but, within that distinction, all other distinctions vanished, however sharply they might have been drawn in the local statutes or constitutions. "The United States, in Congress assembled, suffered the errors against humanity in one State to eliminate the errors against humanity in another."

A consequence almost necessary of this catholicity was the granting to the free inhabitants of each State "all privileges and immunities of free citizens in the several States." To this equalizing process, involved in the central bond,

do we owe the gradual assimilation of the various State constitutions to each other,—the disappearance, one by one, of the tests by which at first they tried to screen Jews or Gentiles or Unitarians or Catholics out of their body politic. While the elective franchise in each State was regulated by its own decisions, all the “free inhabitants” of the United States were subjects or citizens of the nation. Mr. Bancroft well remarks, that, notwithstanding the anxiety with which the term “people of the United States” is avoided in the Articles of Confederation, the nation, as a unit, was really recognized, not to say organized, when the fealty or allegiance to it of each white inhabitant was thus proclaimed. Mr. Tayler Lewis has well shown that this nationality existed already,—before the colonies had confederated,—in the common relation of English subjects, in whatever colony, to the English crown. As Mr. Bancroft puts it, “America, though the best representative of the social and political genius of the eighteenth century, was not the parent of the idea in modern civilization, that man is a constituent member of the state of his birth, irrespective of his ancestry. It has become the public law of Christendom. Had America done less, she would have been, not the leader of nations, but a laggard.” America did her utmost, in this matter, by proclaiming that the “state” of a man’s birth was the whole continent in which he was born. No accident could limit his nationality to “the Hampshire Grants,” or to one of the “Counties on the Delaware.”

Lastly, the Confederation attempted the largest liberty to individual man. In the Greek republics, “the state existed before the individual, and absorbed the individual. . . . The Greek citizen never spoke of the rights of man. The individual was merged in the body politic.” But, in the Articles of Confederation, the freedom of the individual could be recognized, because conscience had asserted its rights; and, in the assertion, the unity of despotic power was broken.

These four principles, now like household words with us,—the indefinite territorial extent of a republic, the relation of the United States to the natural rights of its inhabitants, the

identity of privilege of each citizen in whatever State, and the freedom of the individual everywhere,—were completely asserted for us, so as never to be lost again in the much-abused Articles of Confederation.

Our limits do not permit us to go at present further into an abridgment even of the more remarkable results of this remarkable volume. The eight volumes—published successively in thirty-two years, almost a generation of men—have led up to the period of romance, of excitement, and of critical interest, which we wisely call “The Revolution,” as if there were no other. Of “the Revolution,” the critical years pass under review in this volume, and in the volume which is to follow. Mr. Bancroft is grateful, doubtless, that the concentrated white light of another revolution is brought to bear on the examination, so that no detail may be thought insignificant, and no secret of the circulation lost in some provoking shadow. He seems to us to rise worthily to his theme. We have been particularly pleased with the simplicity and consequent clearness of his descriptions of battles. Without a diagram on the page, he fixes for us the position of regiments, squadrons, and batteries, so that each reader can prepare his own diagram. Again, he does not come to an event till he has fairly shown its cause. If we are surprised, it is because history itself is surprised. And, indeed, often we find, that, a hundred years after the fact, we understand it better than those who were standing by. Once more, the narrative is relieved by the philosophy which inquires into principles and into consequences, but never so overwhelmed by a cloud of speculation, that we forget the substratum that is below.

The narrative is always brilliant, and the reader follows from page to page with interest, and wishes there was more. On the whole, there is little to be asked for, in the way of improvement of Mr. Bancroft's historical style. It seems to us sometimes marked by the defect of a supposition that the reader is already well acquainted with the history, even in details, as if that this new volume were rather a discussion of facts which are widely known, than an original statement

of them. Now, the truth is, that four readers out of five, who take this volume in hand, will have read no other full history of the war ; and for such readers in truth, as for all readers of history in theory, the narrative should be written for the first time. For instance, the following sentence, loosely constructed as some of Mr. Bancroft's sentences are, does not tell the new-born reader, who here first drinks in his American history, any thing that he needs to know :—

“ The unfitness of the highest officer in the naval service, as displayed in his management of a squadron which had gone to sea in the spring, had just been exposed by an inquiry ; and, in spite of the support of the Eastern States, he had been censured by a vote of Congress : yet from tenderness to his brother, who was a member of Congress, a motion for his dismissal was obstructed, and a majority ordered the aged and incompetent man to resume the command which he was sure to disgrace.”

There is nothing in this sentence to show that the aged and incompetent man was Hopkins ; and, on the other hand, all that has been said before leads the reader to suppose that it was Nicholas Biddle. It is only afterwards that an allusion made to Hopkins leads to a guess that it is he.

The boys who write most of the literary criticisms, so called, for the newspapers, are in the habit of complaining that Mr. Bancroft uses archaisms of language. Indeed, we remember one constitutionally ill-tempered person, who said of the eighth volume, that one needed an archaeological dictionary to understand it. In regard to this volume, this charge is founded on three expressions :—

“ Dearly did the Cherokees *aby* their rising.”

“ The Landgrave of Hesse, though a Roman *Convertite*.”

“ *Laveering* against the southerly winds.”

All that is to be said of these three words is, that, if people do not know what the words mean, it is time they did. They are words used by the best English writers of the best period of English literature. The fault which we should find with Mr. Bancroft's style is, not that he indulges too much in the

use of words carefully chosen for precision of meaning, but that, in the occasional pursuit of those phantoms which lead men into the bogs and jungles of "fine writing," he sometimes uses words for their sound, without caring much for their meaning. Take the following sentence: "The uneven upland . . . is bounded, for more than two miles, by walls of primitive rock, or declivities steep as an escarpment." Now, in truth, there are no walls there: whether the rock is primitive or fossiliferous is a geological matter of no interest to the reader, and to say "steep as an escarpment" is as if one said "steep as a garden bank," or "steep as an inclined plane." The fact to be communicated is, that, on the Haerlem-River side, the shore is bold, so as to be easily held against invading troops. "Walls of primitive rock" and "declivities steep as an escarpment" come into the statement of the fact, not because they illustrate it, but because they sound well. Such details, however, are of little or no importance. We have been betrayed into them because other people have been. What is important is, that the style of the book is attractive and intelligible, and floats the reader easily and quickly on from the beginning to the end.

The "largest generalization of all" is that which closes the volume.

"We are arrived at the largest generalization thus far in the history of America.

"The spirit of free inquiry penetrated the Catholic world as it penetrated the Protestant world. Each of their methods of reform recognized that every man shares in the eternal reason, and in each the renovation proceeded from within the soul. Luther opened a new world, in which every man was his own priest, his own intercessor: Descartes opened a new world, in which every man was his own philosopher, his own judge of truth.

"A practical difference marked the kindred systems: the one was the method of continuity and gradual reform; the other, of an instantaneous, complete, and thoroughly radical revolution. The principle of Luther waked up a superstitious world, 'asleep in lap of legends old,' but did not renounce all external authority. It used drags and anchors to check too rapid a progress, and to secure its

moorings. So it escaped premature conflicts. By the principle of Descartes, the individual man at once and altogether stood aloof from king, church, universities, public opinion, traditional science, all external authority and all other beings, and, turning every intruder out of the inner temple of the mind, kept guard at its portal to bar the entry to every belief that had not first obtained a passport from himself. No one ever applied the theory of Descartes with rigid inflexibility; a man can as little move without the weight of the superincumbent atmosphere, as escape altogether the opinions of the age in which he sees the light: but the theory was there, and it rescued philosophy from bondage to monkish theology, forbade to the Church all inquisition into private opinion, and gave to reason, and not to civil magistrates, the maintenance of truth. The nations that learned their lessons of liberty from Luther and Calvin went forward in their natural development, and suffered their institutions to grow, and to shape themselves according to the increasing public intelligence. The nations that learned their lessons of liberty from Descartes were led to question every thing, and by creative power renew society through the destruction of the past. The spirit of liberty in all Protestant countries was marked by moderation. The German Lessing, the antitype of Luther, said to his countrymen, 'Don't put out the candles till day breaks.' Out of Calvinistic Protestantism rose in that day four teachers of four great nationalities,—America, Great Britain, Germany, and France. Edwards, Reid, Kant, and Rousseau were all imbued with religiosity; and all except the last, who spoiled his doctrine by dreamy indolence, were expositors of the active powers of man. All these in political science, Kant most exactly of all, were the counterpart of America, which was conducting a revolution on the highest principles of freedom with such circumspection that it seemed to be only a war against innovation. On the other hand, free thought in France, as pure in its source as free thought in America, became speculative and sceptical and impassioned. This modern Prometheus, as it broke its chains, started up with a sentiment of revenge against the ecclesiastical terrorism which for centuries had sequestered the rights of mind. Inquiry took up with zeal every question in science, politics, and morals."

ART. VI.—THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Report of the Proceedings at a Banquet given to Mr. Cyrus W. Field by the Chamber of Commerce of New York, Nov. 15, 1866. pp. 94.

THE city of New York has done itself honor, in so conspicuous a reception of one of its greatest benefactors. On both sides of the water, Mr. Field is recognized as the man without whom the Atlantic Cable would not have been laid in our generation. He has, therefore, a rightful claim to the foremost place in the gratitude and honor of the world, specially of his fellow-citizens. No one can read his speech at the Banquet without feeling its truthfulness and magnanimity, nor without plainly recognizing the personal qualities which enabled him to achieve his grand success.

The city of New York has twice emphasized its sense of the world-wide significance of the Atlantic Cable,—once, and most magnificently, when, in 1858, it welcomed Mr. Field, after the temporary success of that year; and now again, when permanent success may be deemed secure, with two cables in daily improving action between the Continents.

Great cities are the centres and sources of civilization, and their condition affords the best indications of the present state and prospects of humanity.

To return to cities, from the sparse settlements of a new country, is to return to multitudes. Here it is that the masses are seen in their density, and felt in their power for good and for evil. Our great common humanity, in its average quality and condition, in bodies too large to allow individual tastes and opinions much influence, in a current too strong to suffer much restraint from the feeble resistance of any superior class, there passes before us. A great city is a majestic spectacle at any time, for it is the house of an enormous family; but far beyond any vision of vastness or splendor or beauty in the municipal house itself is the sight of those who built, who occupy, who own it. No one can long be content

to look at the marble walls that embank the Broadway of our American metropolis, while the captivating stream of human faces is running through it. The ordinary tide of humanity that ebbs and flows in that channel is, of all the constant curiosities the world affords, the most astonishing, the most untiring. Niagara has no rapids so dazzling, no roar so deafening, no rainbow so gay, no current so solemn, no significance so sublime. But when this daily phenomenon of the densest and busiest multitude in the world is raised to its highest possibility by some extraordinary summons of the people; when the country is poured into the town, the suburbs into the centre; when labor, released from its dispersing duties, is crowded into the public thoroughfares, and the population of States is compressed within the area of a capital,—then the constellations of the clearest night are not so beautiful, the waves of the wildest ocean not so sublime, nor all else that heaven and earth can congregate so exciting and tremendous, as the prospect. There is no spectacle equal to that of a countless multitude of human beings. What splendor of military trappings, what marshalling of significant chariots of industry, what gay, curious, meaningful procession, winding its mottled way, like a vast iris-hued serpent, through enamelled streets,—such as we have seen in public processions on days of high festival,—vies in interest for every eye with that motionless mass,—the magnificent, the overpowering crowd, that forms the ground of its display and the field of its progress? What can the torch-lights of ten thousand men, blazing with scarlet and with fire, illumine, which is like in beauty and splendor to their own faces, and the eyes of the myriads of lookers-on? We have seen the upturned countenances of a hundred thousand people, crowded on a hill-side, lighted up, and condensed into one awful and glorious picture, by the attractive art of the pyrotechnist; and not all the resources of his magical skill, in its most dazzling crises of splendor, could win our eyes away from the spectators to the spectacle. Man is ever God's greatest work, and the multitude ever the sublimest sight for human eyes.

In all ages, the *multitudes* have been objects of peculiar and mysterious interest to men; and strictly so in proportion to the capacity and insight of those who have contemplated them. But this interest has been of very different and widely contrasted kinds. Always intense, it has commonly been painful and alarming. For ages, men in general were regarded hardly as more than finer animals, capable of a superior mischief; creatures that were either to be intimidated or tamed, as their rulers chanced to be better supplied with force or with guile. The only expedient of governors was to turn the passions of one multitude against the passions of another, or one passion of the same multitude against another passion of its own. Thus natural ferocity was converted into the art of war; jealousy and envy, into pride of country and hatred of rival powers; sloth and apathy, to the account of those willing to substitute their own thinking and their own energy for that of the masses, and make them the tools of their ambition.

Thus multitudes have awed, crushed, and restrained each other, for the benefit of the few, who made themselves exceptional to the mass. Any self-directing power, any intelligent sense of community, any essential worth and goodness in men as men, any right of the race as a race to possess, enjoy, and govern the world, did not enter into the head of antiquity, if we except a few theoretical philosophers. Accordingly, the very name of the people was a reproach and an alarm. *Oi πόλλοι*, the many, was a monster,—either a stupid and loathsome, or a ferocious and fearful one, as climate and age affected him. Our most opprobrious appellation—the *mob*—is altogether too dignified a word for the ideas associated with the mass of human creatures before our Saviour's day; and, indeed, out of the narrow circle of his true disciples long after. *Hordes, hvies, herds*, the spawn of the teeming swamps, the litter of the rank fens,—these terms expressed the prevailing sense of the commonness, the miserable origin, the hopeless character, the alarming increase, of their own kind. “*Mob*” is a word of much less contemptible import. It suggests the existence of some slight concert and design, hides

a struggling sense of political aspirations, and hints the possibility of good neighborhood and peaceful relations between an existing civil order and itself. From "scum" and "herd" and "horde" to "mob," from "mob" to "mass," from "the masses" to "the people," from "the people" to "the race," from "race" to "brotherhood," we have a regular ascending series of terms, recording the historic progress of the multitudes as plainly as the geological strata do the history of the earth's advance to a habitable condition. And it is easy to gauge the social and Christian status of any community, by observing the ordinary and spontaneous use of the terms in which the multitude is spoken of, and in which it speaks of itself.

The great peculiarity of ante-Christian days was this: the multitudes were despaired of, and therefore both feared and despised. They were, it is true, courted by the ambitious, flattered by the cunning, but still feared and despised at once by the upper classes. All that we recognize in these days as philanthropy,—a feeling and principle based upon a conviction that the condition of the masses is the fruit of unhappy and discouraging circumstances, which may be removed or relieved, with a certainty of improving their condition and character,—this was unknown. It was not that the intelligent and superior classes in those days were less well-disposed, more selfish or cruel, than we are. But the *relative proportion* of the civilized and the uncivilized, the educated and the uneducated, the rich and the poor, was so much less favorable to hope, that the problems then offered to the wise and good were totally different from ours, and utterly appalling. It was inconceivable then that men everywhere could become educated, civilized, and sensible of the advantages of morality. The very fact of the unknown geography, the imperfect navigation, the slow and difficult intercourse, of ancient times fostered continual fears of possible eruptions of barbarians,—first realized, indeed, in the destruction of the Roman empire, but always operating to prevent any generous hope of the common elevation of the race. The absence of any general commerce, with a total ignorance of

the very name of political economy, rendered precarious supplies of food a proper ground of jealousy and dread,—a fear which is one of the most active and steady causes of hostility and division among men. Nations could not afford to be at peace with their rivals in the corn markets; it was a matter of life and death who had possession of the fertile fields: and so war, jealousy, and hatred seemed a necessary, and even a justifiable and statesmanlike, policy in the conduct of public affairs, and the relation of states with each other.

When our Saviour appeared, his most affecting and characteristic quality was the new feeling with which he regarded the *multitude*. Objects of lively interest were the multitude, indeed, to the princes and rulers of those days. Herod did not dare, until lust and wine had driven him beyond reason, to behead John; for he feared the people. The chief priests and scribes did not dare to lay hands on Jesus till they were backed by the Roman governor, for the same reason, that they *feared* the people, who had instinctively felt that they had found a friend in our Saviour. But it was not **FEAR**, but *compassion*, an entirely different kind of interest, that Christ was to manifest towards them. For, in the language of St. Matthew, “when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.”

The grounds of our Saviour’s compassion are, it is worthy of notice, the very grounds of the fear entertained towards the people by his predecessors and contemporaries. Because they *fainted* with hunger, were maddened with unsatisfied appetite, and driven to reckless and ferocious ways,—this, which moved the dread of them, and an ever-watchful and armed resistance to their gatherings and their demands, was the first spring of our Saviour’s compassion for them. True, he who could multiply the loaves and fishes miraculously for its relief had less to fear from the rage of hunger than the commissaries of mere human princes. But Christ distinctly recognized *want* as the first cause of compassion for the people. This was their first, great misfortune, overshadowing all others, causing their degradation, and making

them dangerous to themselves and others. He had to feed even before he could instruct them ; to become the maker of their bread before he could be the Saviour of their souls. A solemn and most tardily recognized truth was here divinely affirmed. The physical and material degradation of the world has been the first and the chief cause of its moral and spiritual destitution. The science of supporting great bodies of people upon this planet in any other than a predatory, uncertain, and clashing way, has been one of very slow and difficult progress. But distinctly to recognize *destitution*, not as the curse of God upon those on whom it fell, but as the providential stimulus to effort, and the divine incentive to compassion ; to regard it as a problem capable of solution, or worth the profoundest intellectual and moral sacrifices to fathom it,—was left to our Saviour. It was the mightiest step in human progress when the *faintness* of the people gained the compassion, in place of the dread and fear, of the great leader of the civilization of Christendom. To see and allow that men were made wicked, dangerous, and hopeless mainly by their *wants* ; that thus they were shut up to criminality, kept base and fierce by the necessity of their condition ; to pity them for this calamity ; still more, to look upon it as one which it was the duty and privilege of the fortunate, the instructed, and the rich to relieve or remove,—this was the longest stride on, the highest step up, which the gospel made, politically considered.

But this is not all : the second ground of our Saviour's compassion for the multitudes is like unto the first. First, *hunger*, which stands for all other degrees, and implies all other forms, of destitution, moved his pity. Next, their unsocialized and neglected condition ; or, to use his own words, because they "were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd." In that grazing country, infested with wild beasts, where the flocks of the opulent were never sent to pasture without a strong force of protectors, our Lord could not have used a more striking illustration than this. It was not exclusively, or even primarily, the want of spiritual instruction that he compassionated in the multitudes ; but their lack of *all*

social and civilizing guidance and protection. They were not considered as within the fold of society, but kept outside with the beasts,—from a general conviction, that they must prey upon society if society did not leave them outside its pale to devour each other, or be devoured by want and exposure.

The greatest misfortune the human race can experience grows out of, and is connected with, its greatest necessity and blessing. It cannot obey the first condition of its perpetuity,—Increase and multiply, and possess the earth,—without *general dispersion*: it cannot have general dispersion without driving far the largest portions of the race outside the spheres of social culture and civil polity. The world, if the Scriptures are credible, did not commence in savagery or barbarism, but upon true civilized principles, in family life, and with rules of social subordination and order. But it necessarily fell, as a whole, into barbarism, through the inevitable disproportion which the rapid growth of its population bore to the slow increase in its machinery of intercourse and commerce. The people multiplied and dispersed faster, vastly faster, than law and order, traditional truth and wisdom, could follow them. Civilization, young and delicate, was compelled to shelter itself within the most circumscribed limits; and, beyond its self-protecting walls, the masses of humanity were scattered abroad, without the means and materials of self-elevation. For many generations, the disproportion between the civilized and the savage world must have been constantly increasing in favor of barbarism. Indeed, the ratio must have continued to become ever more and more frightful, as the geometrical increase of the earth's population faster and faster outstripped the arithmetical increase of its socialized and civil portions. In the absolute ignorance of the physical geography of the world,—which was not then even called a *globe*,—no bounds could be placed to the probable growth of this despairing disproportion of the savage to the civilized, of the predatory and outcast to the orderly and moralized, portion of the human race. So long as the earth held out, there was room for a boundless in-

crease in the ratio of ignorance, brute force, and animal necessity to cultivated and socialized humanity ; and, had the world been a limitless plain, as it was deemed, there was even greater reason than was duly recognized, to fear the absolute extinction of civilization beneath the inroads of a myriad-mouthed barbarism. The South-African natives, living far in the interior of their continent, when the great missionary of modern times, Dr. Livingstone, brought them to the coast at Loanda (the place where the wretched cargo of the " Echo," captured by one of our national vessels, was basely gathered), and they beheld, for the first time, the ocean, in describing to him afterwards their feelings, said : " We marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true,— that the world *had no end*; but all at once the world said to us, '*I am finished : there is no more of me.*' " If the circumambient ocean had not thus *finished* the world ; if it had not been, in short, a moderate-sized globe, with an easily exhaustible area ; if the extension of its population had not been thus positively limited (particularly as to its power to support, by spontaneous fertility, a population) to a number which was happily attained before the disproportion of the civilized to the uncivilized became so great as to be hopeless, there is no rashness in saying, that utter deterioration and absolute brutality must have been the final fate of our race. Doubtless, by the original plan of the Almighty, the limit of population was reached before this ratio was totally desperate ; for the size of the globe may be considered as having been accurately adapted to the fortunes of the race for whom it was made. The moment the ratio became fixed, not increasing, there was hope ; but a long pause was made on that line. The instant it began to diminish was the signal of Christ's coming, and the birth-hour of human redemption had arrived. The preponderance — not in numbers, but in power, courage, confidence — of the social and civil forces of society over the instincts and appetites of the uncivilized and barbarous masses of the race, is the only adequate cause, under God (who has had his own now obvious and glorious plan in human history), of the progress of

humanity as a whole, or of the safety of society. When, therefore, our Saviour compassionated the multitudes, because they were scattered abroad, he bestowed on them the pity they most needed. Next to absolute hunger, exclusion from social and civil privileges, by a wandering, dispersed, and uncalculated life, is man's greatest misfortune, and the chief source of his moral and spiritual degradation. We may talk of spontaneous genius, of self-correcting powers and attributes in humanity, of necessary, self-evolved improvement as the true hope for the masses ; we may reason about the natural and inevitable tendencies of man to civilization and progress : if we leave out of this calculation the providence of God,—which has chosen centres of light and life, kindled altars of piety, written tables of law, and erected models and standards of domestic, social, and civil life, which are the primal and chief means for the education and rescue of the race at large,—we shall lose the only key to the history of the world, and the only clue to the substantial progress of the race. Probably there is *no* tendency in savage or barbarous tribes and races to self-elevation,—only a capacity for improvement, under the guidance and inspiration of higher branches of the one great family, specially prepared by God for this work. Specially, God has committed to modern civilization, which is the child of Christianity, the salvation of the world. Civilization has, by approximate steps, reached the conviction, that there is no way of civilizing but by intercourse ; and that intercourse is worth little or nothing except it be easy, constant, and general. It has perceived that the “scattering abroad”—Christ's own ground of compassion—was still the great obstacle to progress ; and, therefore, the grand instinct of modern efforts at improvement has been road-making,—the construction of the highways of civilization,—ways on land, ways over water, ways through air, ways under ocean ; ways between civilized and civilized, the more to strengthen each other by exchange of wisdom, experience, and products ; ways between civilized and *uncivilized*, to extend knowledge and commerce and industrial arts ; ways into Africa and New Holland ; ways to the neigh-

borhoods of the Northern and the Southern Poles ; ways to the Pacific and across the Atlantic ; ways for the products of subdued fields, conquered streams, and powers of nature enslaved to man's will ; for the products of the loom, the forge, and the plough ; ways for the traveller, be he the missionary of commerce, of science, or of religion — each equally valuable and all co-operative ; ways for thought, the greatest of all products, the most urgent and enterprising of all travellers, the grandest of missionaries. To throw the net of roads, — its woof of iron and stone, its warp of wire and water, — that great net, of which every track that civilized man pursues, whether with his foot, his beast, his wheel, his sail, his iron-rail, his electric flash, is a mesh that catches and holds in some estray and outcast interest, some scattered and otherwise lost member of humanity, — this is the providential passion and sacred instinct of modern civilization. It is the perpetuity of Christ's compassion that inspires and vivifies this grand movement. That the multitudes may not *faint*, may not be scattered *abroad*, Christian civilization must seek them, must hem them in, bind them to its girdle, make swift ways to the scenes of their ignorance and their despair, pierce their rivers and jungles, cross their deserts with the rail, abolish oceans and seas, and declare every part and portion of the earth explored, open, safe, related, in connection with all other parts, and so united to the race, to Christ, and to God.

And now, finally, within the bounds of Christendom — at any rate, within the bounds of that happiest and most blessed portion of it which we occupy — a new and higher sentiment than even that of compassion, through the grace of God and his Son, animates our hearts when we look on the multitudes, — the sentiment of confidence and hope. Fear gave way, in our Saviour's courageous and loving mind, to compassion, when he saw the multitude. Have not the reasons for that compassion — at least within our immediate sphere, of life and influence — most sensibly lessened, and almost totally disappeared, under the influence of the Saviour's own ever-advancing work ? He himself, new as compassion then was, did not

fail to add exultation to it in the triumph which humanity, under his guidance, was finally to accomplish over all its degrading conditions. He "saw Satan as lightning fall from heaven," when the Greeks came to inquire into his gospel. How literally pierced with lightning is the enemy of souls, when DISTANCE, that scatters men abroad and makes them faint on the long way, transfixes on the darting thought of the lightning, dies in mid-heaven and falls headlong into the sea! How long is superstition to make it irreligious to recognize the fulfilment of any of our Lord's promises, the answers to any of his prayers? Is the world's progress never to be confessed; and is a mock humility to drape the very mid-day of hope, and cheer with curtains of despondency, lest it outshine the Christian dawn? The stones would cry out if we were silent, when the very key-stone has so evidently been put into the arch of Christ's triumph over the barbarism and want and dispersion of his scattered flock of humanity. Be it said, then, to his eternal honor and to God's everlasting glory, that the day has come when we can look upon the multitude with something better than compassion,—even with confidence and joy. And this, if we mistake not, is the great distinction, as it is the glorious conquest of the times and the day, to which the recent triumph of enterprise and art, the Atlantic Cable, so naturally and properly sung, feted and illumined, is but a tongue and voice. That slender thread of fire explodes a mine of emotion, conviction, and experience that had been slowly but long accumulating in the bosom of our age. That delicate cord moors nations together that were drifting to each other in spite of seas and icebergs. That swift messenger, dark and silent as night, but keener and subtler than light, carries words of brotherhood, long waiting for their vehicle; that syphon, so slender and so patient, empties hearts into each other whose blood had for ages yearned to mingle. God in his providence, by making us the last-born of the great nations and powers of the earth, and giving us half the world for our home; by emptying the blood of all nations into our national veins; by diversifying us with all climates, without colonial

separation, and by the vastness of all the circumstances and conditions of our territory, our origin, our growth and history, as well as by the happy fortune of the splendid age of commerce, liberty, and inventive genius in which our lines have fallen — has prepared us, as no people is prepared, to demand, to expect, to understand, and to enjoy *universal ideas*, — feelings that embrace the world, schemes that include the race, hopes that outrun place and time, destinies that are perfect and complete.

We look upon the multitude — blessed be God's providence and Christ's gospel for our power to do so! — no longer with fear, and not even characteristically, in this land, with compassion, but with sympathy and hope, and almost with reverence. For we see them no longer faint, and no longer scattered abroad; and every day we are, by economic science and motive art, eliminating the unknown or suspended elements in the great equation of human progress. That vast problem is no more a bottomless mystery and a baffling speculation. The obstacles which oppose the advance of the race, immense as they are, are measurable; dense as they are, are penetrable. There is nothing hopeless or desperate in human affairs. Progress is possible, is real, is certain, is inevitable. The relative forces of good and evil, of peace and war, of truth and error, of civilization and barbarity, of brotherly love and selfish antagonism, are weighed, and the balance is favorable *for once*, and *therefore for ever*, to the kingdom of God in the salvation of our race. The multitude is accordingly to be trusted and respected. We thank God that we are able, and are compelled by the highest convictions of the heart, to trust and respect them. Nay, in this country, we trust and respect them far more than we do those who make them objects of secret suspicion, and who would gladly reproduce the repressive systems of aristocratic governments. The cultivated and refined classes in America understand less of the true spirit of our institutions, and do far less to maintain them, we fear, than the body of the people at large. Sensitive to defects, fastidious in tastes, overborne by memories of the past, they overlook

the enormous advantages, the broad magnificence, the grand general effect of institutions where human nature, for the first time, is trusted with liberty, education, and plenty, and cultivate the poor satisfactions of a superiority based on criticism, doubt, and evil prophecies. A distinguished and most acute English visitor to this country told us, just before the war, that he had scarcely talked with an educated and thoughtful man in America who had not expressed doubts and fears of the success of our institutions. Thank God, the *people* have no doubts and no fears. Thank God, those who make and uphold our liberty, love it, trust it, and estimate it at its value, believe in its durableness. They have no misgivings of God's clear intention; no backward looks, no cautious apprehensions. And they are right; wiser, because simpler and more childlike, in their patriotism. They are animated by the fresh instincts, the original convictions, the startling realities, of a new era. And thus, while learned science, and thoughtful philosophy, and even grave experience, shake their heads and mutter, "Impossible," the mighty hope of the people, sure of God's willingness and help, attempts the *impossible*, and changes it into the *accomplished*. "I thank thee, O Father! that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

The great popular instincts of a new era in the life of man are the vast powers, the mighty discoveries, the wonder-workers, of the age. The multitude is doing for Christ the miracles he did for them. They, too, say "Peace" to the sea in his name; they, too, are in and out, where all doors are shut; they, too, repeat the Pentecostal marvel, and bring all tongues together, and make them alike intelligible to all. Like Joshua, they stop the sun, not to fight their battles, but to paint their pictures and perpetuate their friends. "Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?" asked the scornful Job; and the multitude now first is able to answer, "We can."—"Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea, or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?" and the multitude now first replies, "We have."—"Who hath laid the measures of the earth, or

who hath stretched the line upon it?" and the multitude again answers, "Glory be to God who has first given *such* power to men, in our own days."

The great and all-emboldening confidence of our time is, that the multitude — historically and naturally incapable of estimating human nature as it is, or suspecting their own latent powers, and therefore absolutely dependent on the delivering mercy and energy of the providentially awakened and inspired portion of the race — has now got beyond this syncope and self-oblivion, beyond its dependence on any powers but God's direct inspirations through that same human nature, aided by all recorded revelations, which, to this time, he has kept in pupilage to indirect human instrumentalities. The multitude now elects its own teachers, judges of its own wants, chooses its own creed, rejects and accepts, on its own judgment, the propositions of the learned, the philosophical, and the exalted. Of course, it makes great mistakes, does very rash and injurious things, and gives skepticism and aristocracy abundant superficial arguments for their despairing creed. But what are all the mistakes it makes, compared with the astounding fact of an *attempted self-government, an attempted self-education, an attempted self-reliance*, on the part of the people? When, in 1858, we heard that a single sign had flashed across the Atlantic, what cared we for the stuttering and stammering of the instruments? The great thing was done; the miracle was wrought: and, had the cable parted the next moment instead of a month later, the hemispheres would not have moved an inch from the close moorings effected by that single fact. And so no wretched local rulers, no inefficient police, no insecurity of life and limb, no mistaken outbreaks of self-protection, no exceptional blots and blotches in the fabric of our prosperous, safe, and successful life of freedom, shall introduce one ray of despondency or doubt into the patriotic conviction, that — measured by positive, not by negative standards; measured by the sum of intellectual, moral, and physical activity; by the amount of happiness, intelligence, and virtue; by openness to improvement, by tendencies to truth, by humane sympathies, by religious aspi-

rations—the multitudes were never, in human history, so little an object of compassion, so much an object of hope, confidence, and joy, as here and now.

If our hearts swell with pride and gratitude at the contemplation of this truth, let us not conceal, let us not fail to blazon the fact, that it is God's power manifested in man that has brought about this result; let us not forget how entirely it is the Divine wisdom that has planned the great drama of human history, and which is now permitting us to see the beauty and benevolence of the plot, and the bliss of the consummation. Let us not forget that, because it is God who is working in us to will and to do of his good pleasure, it is all the more our bounden and grateful duty to work with him,—to work indeed with a new kind of fear and trembling because of the greatness of the inspiration and the enormous importance of the task; to work, in short, as the high-hearted projector, the original supporters, the scientific operators, the officers and sailors, of the Atlantic Telegraph Company worked, when, after repeated failures and terrible difficulties, they at last laid in silence and amid prayers, but with herculean toil and almost deadly anxieties, God's bond between the nations, God's bow under the sea; not dissolving and inconstant like the first which was over it, but a steadfast sign from heaven to our generation, that no deluge of ignorance, barbarism, and despair shall ever again cover the hopes, the interests, and the destiny of a United Globe and an inseparable Human Family.

ART. VII.—ALLEGED NARROWNESS OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

IT is important to understand, and frankly meet, a modern frame of mind which makes the gospel of Christ, and all distinct profession of it, distasteful to some enlightened and religiously inclined persons. This frame of mind utters

itself in a complaint of *narrowness* against the whole idea of revelation, miracles, personal authority, and binding example,—against rites and forms of any kind, however simply administered or interpreted. Christianity, it is now asserted, has too strait a gate and too narrow a way for the breadth of modern intelligence and the width of recent spiritual and scientific discoveries.

In short, it is complained of Christianity that it is not as broad as Natural Religion, in that it mingles historical facts, personal experiences, local geography, external authority, miraculous evidences, and outward forms with those general principles, absolute ideas, and universal experiences which natural theology gives us in her own great abstract and sublime way, and so narrows and particularizes religion. Of what importance is it, it is asked in this spirit of superior breadth, where truth comes from, if it only be truth ; or goodness, if it is only real goodness ? Why are virtue, justice, charity, piety, any better for being Christian than for being Buddhish or Mahometan or Judaic or wholly Natural ? Is the golden rule any more binding, or any more beautiful, for being taught by Christ than if it had been (as indeed it is claimed that it was) taught by Confucius and Menu ? And what advantage is there, the objector continues, in going to God by the way of Christ, if we can, more conveniently to ourselves, get to Him by any other way ? People that never heard of Christ must find God by some *other* road, if they find him at all ; and surely it is very narrow to affirm, or even to think, that none have attained the knowledge of God without the knowledge of a Saviour who came from heaven only eighteen hundred and sixty-six years ago, and the world is now at least six thousand years old. Besides, some of the Jews did know God without Christ ; and we ourselves improve even our *Christian* faith by reading David's psalms and Isaiah's holy prophecies. If the knowledge of God, and the love, adoration, and obedience which the study of his character nourishes in man, be the sole object of religious quest, then certainly the help of Jesus Christ may gratefully be accepted in making this search ; and the

most unqualified naturalist in religion would not deny the value and importance of Christ's life and teachings as a *means* of knowing God. But what they would complain of is that any insistence should be put upon the use of this special means as in any way indispensable, imperative, or authoritative. They would have Christianity put into the market with other religions, and with other means of religious growth and culture. If it is a better article, it will command a better sale. If it is more serviceable, people will find it out and use it. But, if anybody prefers Judaism to it, or Mahometanism or Buddhism or Platonism or pure theism, why should Christians take offence or make any stir about it? All things do not suit all people. Some most readily find religious and worshipful thoughts, they tell us, in looking at the works of nature. The stars, the forest, the ocean, speak for them a language more divine than any book. Others discover in theories of intuitive morals, or in Mr. Emerson's essays or Mr. Carlyle's hero-worship, a finer moral and religious inspiration than the New Testament affords. Still another set find, in the study of color and form, their completest revelations of a divine beauty, and choose to let their worship flow on the Sunday from the point of a pencil or a paint-brush, rather than from a hymn-book or in acts of common prayer. Still another variety find the microscope and the scalpel more religious than the font and the communion table. They see God in the infinitely small, and discover the hidings of his power by untwisting the fibres of the plant or the tissues of the human body. Another class declare that they find a ramble in the fields, a play with their children, and a pleasant time with their comrades quite as religious as a seat in a Christian church, or the prayers and praises of a demure and unsmiling congregation. Beyond all these, a growing class of minds and hearts, claiming still more breadth and intelligence, are now beginning to doubt whether religion in *any* form is not a narrowing thing,—whether what is called natural religion is not merely a little less narrow and superstitious than what is called revealed religion. Some not immoral people of our day, and not ignorant and uneducated persons

either, think that the Christian Church and so-called religious folk have squandered the attention that should have been given to improving the world and their own condition in it, upon the cultivation of an artificial relationship to an imaginary Providence called the Christian God, or, what is almost as bad, the God of the theists. Their notion is that if there *be* any such person, we shall find it out quite time enough when we come naturally to it ; that if there be any future or immortal state we shall find that out too when we arrive at it : but that here and now there is pressing business to be done, and urgent happiness to be enjoyed,—happiness and business wholly peculiar to this time and place,—and that we misdirect our energies when we allow any thing else, no matter how sacred its name and pretensions, to divert our thoughts and efforts from this present world and its natural immediate work.

But this is not the most illuminated class yet. There is in Germany and France still another set of philosophers,—not without disciples in this country,—who go much further than this, and insist, not only that religious speculations and interests, whether called natural or revealed, narrow the mind and heart and impoverish the life, but that *moral* questions have a similar narrowing tendency ; that the world is ridden to death by an artificial conscience ; and that all this solicitude about right and wrong is a waste of precious energy and time and feelings. Wrong, they insist, has just as good rights as any thing else. What we call *moral evil* is quite as necessary, and in accordance with our nature, as moral good. The bad is the counterpart of the good, and as necessary to it as the night to the day. Criminals are such by a necessity of their constitutions ; and crime is merely a conventional offence against a conventional code which the majority of social beings have set up for their own protection. The self-complacency, or feeling of moral superiority, which the righteous and pious indulge in the presence of the vicious and impious, is as unreasonable as a dove's complacency in her freedom from the serpent's sting, or a lamb's in his exemption from wearing the tiger's claws and teeth.

We have had a plain purpose in leading our readers through the logical career of that protest against the narrowness of a positive and historical faith, which induces some of the finest and freest minds among us to object to the Lordship of Jesus Christ, and the exceptional authority of the Christian religion. We have endeavored to show that, if narrowness, meaning definiteness, and an authority not purely self-justified and impersonal, is a fatal objection to a religion, we shall be obliged to give up natural religion and all religion. Philosophy is far wider than any religion *can* be; and life is still wider than philosophy. Fatalism is, in one sense, even more widely religious than any system which recognizes free agency and human accountableness; because it makes God the sole agent in the universe, and gives his sovereignty absolute sway. All the odious ideas of personal affinities and pre-ordained relationships, which have from time to time disparaged and set aside marriage vows and the Christian conceptions of wedlock, have come in under the claim of a higher spirituality and a broader understanding of moral and religious laws.

We are well aware that the argument from consequences is one which superstition and fanaticism have abused, and are always likely to abuse. We remember, too, that it is not fair to hold *people* accountable even for the logical consequences of their opinions. But you may properly hold the *opinions* themselves accountable for their own logical consequences; and this is a distinction which it is very important to appreciate.

For we do not hesitate to say, that the pure and lofty lives of many persons, holding what we consider to be very non-Christian opinions, is helping to delude many with the idea that there can be no *danger* in opinions which such excellent persons entertain. But this proceeds wholly on the assumption that they gained their excellence by the aid of these opinions, and not rather in spite of them. Ideas never produce their consequences in the generation that gives birth to them, but rather in the next. Opinions dwell inoperatively in the intellect of their producers, but passionately and ac-

tively in the blood of their inheritors. Each generation lives mainly on the ideas of its precursor; for it is only what has passed out of the understanding into the prejudices, or rather instinctive thoughts and feelings, that shapes a man's conduct, and characterizes his temper and spirit: and the same is true of an age. Communism did the early apostles no harm; but all know what its wretched fruits were in some of their successors. The French Revolution was started by pure and philanthropic men, whose worst thoughts were uttered under solemn convictions of truth and duty; but how soon its mischievous but honest notions slipped into horrid, bloody filth and cruelty we all recall. Principles and ideas, not triable by abstract methods, *must* be judged by their consequences; but these consequences must be sought in a large, generous, average way. It will not do to judge the law of primogeniture by three or four generations; but when it ends in putting half the lands in all England into the hands of less than one hundred and fifty proprietors, and threatens, first, the outbreak of Chartism, and next, Fenianism; and, finally, a general rising of the disfranchised and landless millions, before which the solid powers of a throne and an aristocracy more than a thousand years old tremble and totter,—we are justified in characterizing it as an unjust, impolitic, and un-Christian institution. So it will not do to judge democracy by an occasional mob in a city, or the disgraceful municipal legislation in a metropolis that receives and admits to suffrage the scum of all Europe. But when we behold it producing, in less than one century, a nation like our own, having the largest number of independent homes, and the greatest relative proportion of educated and virtuous people, to be found in any country in the world; when we see it sustaining itself, its order, its laws, and its finances, under the vastest civil war ever known to history,—we are entitled to say, “Democratic principles have proved themselves, by their consequences, to be the true principles on which to found stable governments.”

It will not do to judge polygamy by Utah,—a sink of all violence, corruption, and filth; but the history of all the

nations in which it has been allowed has determined its absolute incompatibility with social progress, political freedom, or moral dignity.

Thus nobody could venture to say in advance what would be the final consequences of setting up a purely natural religion, into which all moral and spiritual truth of Christianity, pressed out and separated from its mere historic and personal concomitants or circumstances, had been drained off. Prior to experience, it certainly looks as if such a religion of sound principles,—absolute in its self-proving and self-recommending authority, in which God was deemed and taken to be the synonym for absolute goodness and wisdom and holiness, but without the limiting notion of personality; and retribution wholly the operation of self-acting laws; heaven a frame of mind, and hell its opposite; sin an offence wholly against one's own soul; immortality exclusively a state of feeling,—it looks as if such a religion ought to produce very worthy and commendable disciples.

But we are not left to speculation and surmise in regard to the success of such a religion. The plan has been fully tried. In fact out of Judea, so far as thoughtful, philosophic and lofty minds had any religion at all prior to Christ's coming, it was precisely this absolute and universal religion. It had its very distinguished and lofty teachers. Confucius, Zoroaster, Zeno, Plato, and Socrates, among the wisest of men, taught this absolute religion. It was the very flower and fruit of their philosophical studies; but, whatever influence it may have had in the academy, the porch, or the haunts and groves of philosophy, who ever yet heard of its producing any moral or saving influence upon *the people at large*,—who, indeed, under that system, were deemed not worth attention? The moment the ideas of mere philosophers reached any shape which brought them within the people's range, the essential truths of natural religion were blent in with the coarsest and most puerile superstitions. We may see what the lofty piety of Confucius became by studying the idolatrous and disgusting religion of the Chinese at this late day. We have ourselves been in their josh-houses or religious temples

in California, and seen them cutting off the feet and heads of chickens as offerings to those wooden and tapestryed idols, taking care to carry home the only edible portion of the offering for their own consumption. Natural religion, even in the form which Socrates and Cicero gave it,—the purest and highest form it has attained out of Christian bounds,—had no influence upon the personal character of any persons excepting a certain select few, who themselves cultivated it more as a theme for literary ambition than for personal growth and guidance. There never was a worse era than that of Socrates, if it were not Cicero's,—the two greatest moralists of Greece and Rome.

We are firmly convinced that what is called natural religion,—that is, the last result of unassisted human thinking on the theme of man's relations to God,—is a thing which never had, as an operative system of thought, any clear statement, except out of Christian mouths; or any considerable influence except over those born and bred under Christian influences. Take away from it the support of Christian institutions, founded on a revealed gospel, and we are entirely convinced it would fall to the ground in half a century, and leave the world the prey of atheism, idolatry and universal worldliness and folly. General ideas, however pure, demonstrable on absolute principles, and self-recommending, have no force until embodied in institutions, and made a part of the methodical training of society. Nations, like individuals, are finally shaped by their habits more even than by their ideas,—by their usages and customs, more than by their abstract opinions. You may have ever so much vague and unorganized Protestant thinking going on in Italy; but it is the organized Catholic Church that shapes the Italian mind. You may have ever so much red republicanism floating in the minds and fancies of Frenchmen; but it is the Emperor, the Court, the bayonet, and the *octroi* that settle the features of French society. You may have ever so much Liberal Christianity suspended in the literature, the air, the thought or tastes and tendencies of the American people; but it is Orthodoxy, holding the churches and keeping the schools, that really shapes the American

mind, and decides its creed. We put good things and bad together, the more impartially to illustrate a common principle. Government, society, religion, must all be incarnate in positive forms, to exert any general influence, or maintain any permanent life. It is so now. It has always been so. It will always continue so. Thoughts and feelings, principles and ideas, are clouds drifting across the sky; they must condense into practical acts and get body, like the rain, before they can touch the earth, fertilize its surface, shape the courses of things, and give configuration to the globe.

Thus Judaism, from its embodying the first principles of natural religion in a positive and authoritative shape, made a whole nation feel the power and influence of thoughts elsewhere confined wholly to sages and a few natural saints. It united these ideas with a positive worship; brought each and every Jew into close and awful contact with them; won his daily attention, and drilled and disciplined him, by a tedious but most effective process, which had something of the irresistible force of a military routine, to feel at every point of his intellectual and moral surface, at every pore of his skin, and in every throb of his heart, the significance, sanctity and importance of certain cardinal religious ideas. We need not say what this Mosaic religion did for its people and for the world. Scoff at its puerile customs, its cumbrous rites and ceremonies, as we may, it made a literature which will outlast all Greek, all Roman fame; it created a people that has shaped the civilization of nineteen centuries, by giving birth to Jesus Christ, a Jew. It fashioned a race whose mental and moral vigor has penetrated the world with a genius which all the arts and all the business of modern civilization feels thrilling its very marrow. Who ever knew a stupid Jew? Who ever has calculated the influence to resist, to persist, to insist, which has come from that institutional people, whose genius and inspiration seem only to prove that human nature must be shut up to vigorous laws and fixed usages, and definite and authoritative ideas, before it ever becomes concentrated enough to boil with thought, or crystallize in art and action?

It is of the nature of roads and gates to be narrow or strait, relatively to the countries through which they pass, and the fields into which they lead. Anybody who has had an open prairie or a broad ocean for his only path—without bounds or track, without obstruction too, but also without reason for going in one direction rather than another,—must know what is the significance of this language which says, “Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life;” and how necessary and blessed it is, that revealed religion presents us not absolute and general principles, universal precepts and abstract truths merely, but specific facts and concrete and personal ties,—presents us, in Jesus Christ, a door and a way, a definite track and guidance; and, in place of absolute statements touching the importance of duty and truth and charity, gives us a schoolmaster and pattern and guide to lead us, by patient obedience and by the influence of sacred usages and customs, to the final goal of a spiritual life and character. Christ insisted upon personal discipleship; his chief disciples magnified the part that the Master himself had in his own religion. They seemed bent on fastening attention on the personal history and events in the life of Jesus. Christ uses the word “*I*,” with a frequency and significance that no other moral and religious teacher ever practised; and it is the chief distinction between all other systems of religion and Christianity, that its founder dares to speak, and claims the authority to speak, from his own personality, as from the throne of absolute truth. There is no more egotism in his use of the word *I*, than there is in the sun’s eternal claim to be the light of the world. Christ does not distinguish between *himself* and the precepts and doctrines and commandments he imposes. He says distinctly, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” “I am the resurrection and the life.” “I am the light of the world.” “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.” He announces himself as the Son of God, as Immanuel. He asserts powers and authority which are either enough to convict him of the greatest arrogance and presumption known in all history, or else to place him in a position of rightful spiritual pre-

eminence such as the Church and human nature for nineteen centuries have accorded him. And it is precisely this priceless fact of the appearance of a Being made in our own likeness, and yet claiming to be the Son of God, and to speak with divine and final authority, and sealing that authority with miracles, which has made the gospel of Christ the religion and the inspiration of the nineteenth, as of all preceding Christian centuries. God, speaking by the man Christ Jesus, endowed with plenipotentiary powers, has *made* the Christian Church, sustains the Christian Church, and is the eternal rock against which the gates of hell will never prevail.

And, after all that humanity owes to the gospel, it is this blessed narrowness of the road, and straitness of the gate,—that is, the definiteness, certainty, concreteness, and personal characteristics of a revealed religion, in contrast with the abstractness, vagueness, and coldness of natural religion,—that is a special source of disquietude, alienation, and disgust to some of our modern *illuminati*. They seem to forget that revealed religion is not a *substitute* for natural religion or a supersession of it, but an addition to it, or superstructure upon it; that it is not substituting spectacles for eyes, but adding telescopes to vision. And as to the narrowing influences of it, who ever heard that the surveyor, the map-maker, the road-builder, narrowed the geography of a tract of country, by making it accessible and fixing its points of compass? It is from an everlasting confusion of mind,—in which the ends and aims of Christianity are confounded with the ways and means,—that this modern prejudice against the narrowness of a revealed faith has derived its support. Christianity is not distinguished in its ends and aims from most other religions, the best of which propose union with God and goodness as their final purpose and result. It is wholly peculiar only in its method; and it is its method, and not its aim, which is really deserving our fixed attention. It proposes to bring people to God and goodness, to heaven and eternal life, by uniting them to Jesus Christ, through the study of his life and character, and the keeping of his pre-

cepts, learned diligently and systematically in that special school which he opened and called the Christian Church.

When we complain of our common-school system, that it only teaches arithmetic, and spelling, and grammar, and therefore, being very narrow in its scope as compared with the teaching of nature and life, ought to be abandoned,—then, and then only, may we reasonably talk of abandoning Christianity, because it is the common-school of babes and children in the knowledge of God, adapted to human nature and mortal circumstances.

Christianity recognizes natural religion fully, and without the least jealousy. Nay, if the image gives any comfort to its exclusive friends, she stands upon it as a dwarf on a giant's shoulders. But natural religionists are proud enough to think they can do without revelation. They think the giant is tall enough without the dwarf. But where would natural religion be but for the whispers this dwarf has dropped into the giant's ears? All that natural religion now knows, and in the pride of which she abjures revealed religion,—all that is definite, satisfactory or binding, she has really learned from the Church of Christ. And, when told this, her answer is, "Be it so; but, having learned it, why should we still keep our Teacher?" Why should the climber of Mont Blanc not dismiss his guides, and fling down his ladders, at the top of the first precipice? Because there are other precipices before him. And those who think they have learned Christianity out, and got to the very top of the eminence occupied by the Master and Saviour, will in due time discover their mortifying mistake. We verily believe that, to desert the Divine Guide whom God has sent to lead us safely through this new and unexplored country, is to invoke the loss of our way, to plunge into darkness and cold, and probably ruin. Christ is the way, and he will continue such to the most advanced disciples, who will only feel his moral and spiritual superiority more the closer they come to him, the more nearly they imitate him. The greater our spiritual sensibility, the finer for us the revelations of his character, and the fuller for us the measure of his inspiration. We should

believe that *branch* of the Church destined to wither, that severed its connection with the true vine; and the sooner it withered the better, for its fruit could be only ashes, and its seed barrenness.

Let us not think meanly of the revelation with which God has lighted up the once gloomy and unattractive halls of natural faith. Look reverently upon that grandest monument of time and history, the Christian Church, founded on the living corner-stone. Honor, support, and uphold those venerable and significant forms, which only the precipitate and prosaic could long undervalue,—the Lord's Supper and Baptism, which have been the very wings by which the Holy Dove has made its difficult way down the centuries,—rites which are to the gospel what marriage and legitimacy are to society,—true sacraments, to maintain which every Christian should lend his enlightened and grateful support. Let those who despise the forms that hold civil society together, the legal instrument, the proper official signature, the prescribed seal,—forms by which we hold our property,—deride the conventional character, the temporary importance, the superstitious value, put on the sacred rites of the Christian Church. They have a significance, a value, and a providential destiny which scoffers and scorers will finally learn to respect; and nothing claiming to be a Church of Christ will, we predict, long continue to bear that name, or even to desire it, which has outgrown faith in these symbols. Let us not neglect or misunderstand the relation which the simple forms have to the holy spirit of our religion, nor think ourselves wiser than he who built the Church on his own broken body.

ART. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

DR. FURNESS has added to his series of original and striking studies of the Gospels, by a translation of remarkable felicity and skill from a writer of kindred spirit, but of views often quite different from his own.* The work of Dr. Schenkel, which has received this high testimony to its excellence and value, represents a style of moderate and pious liberalism, more familiar, we apprehend, to the German mind than to ours. It is also distinguished by a limitation and precision of aim, implying a certain modesty of judgment, and helping to keep the subject itself free of dogmatic assumptions and false expectations. It states frankly, at the outset, that we have not the materials for a Life of Jesus,—only for a Portrait. Renan has failed in his representation of the character, in aiming at too great completeness in the history. Of that character we have a “clearer image” in Mark than in either of the other Gospels, and along with it a more fresh and almost a first-hand narrative: the writer refers, with much confidence, to the *Urmarcus*, or original Gospel, differing considerably from the present form, as the real first authority for the portrait he seeks. Matthew and Luke represent successive stages of a “literary reconstruction” of the narrative, in which the primitive outline is already somewhat disguised; while there is an “insurmountable difficulty” in accepting the fourth Gospel in any sense at all that makes it of much value as an historical authority. In fact, the most prominent critical feature in the work is the extremely positive, clear, and decisive argument—decisive, we mean, as to the writer’s own conviction—against the genuineness of that Gospel; together with his protest against the “bigoted sophistry” which attempts to foreclose the argument by an appeal to religious prejudice.

These points indicate the writer’s general position, which is maintained with good ability and the best of temper; also with an easy, ample, and familiar scholarship, too rare in popular works of this

* The Character of Jesus Portrayed; a Biblical Essay. With an Appendix. By Dr. DANIEL SCHENKEL, Professor of Theology, Heidelberg. Translated from the German edition. With Introduction and Notes, by W. H. FURNESS, D.D. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 2 vols. pp. 279, 359.

nature among us, which Dr. Furness has done a great service by placing within our easy reach. The undogmatic character of the book will prevent its being acceptable to either extreme wing of the religious public; while the evident check of a devout—not to say ecclesiastical—spirit and motive upon the freedom of its criticism lays it open, here and there, to the charge of feebleness and indecision. In its treatment of the cardinal question of miracles, it is, perhaps, better adapted to German habits of thought than ours. With an evident purpose not to deal in denials, and to accept the record for precisely as much as it can be fairly interpreted to mean, it shows as evident a reluctance (as Dr. Furness has remarked) to admit, fairly and squarely, any thing which is strictly a miracle proper, and can be explained into nothing else. Thus it accepts, without scruple and with but slight reserve, the works of healing, vindicating them by a very interesting discussion of the physiological truths or doctrines they imply; stories of control over the elements of nature, and the like, it treats undisguisedly as "legend" and "myth," holding them to belong to a later period of belief, as they are found mainly in later portions of the narrative; accounts of the raising of the dead are unauthentic, or a mistake; the resurrection of Jesus himself, it holds, existed only in the pious imagination of his disciples. In all these points he is met with distinct and steady protest by his translator, who rejoices, in each instance, to accept the narrative as it stands,—the more marvellous, the better illustration of that "nature" whose highest type he sees in the life of Jesus. We wish he were more explicit in conveying and vindicating his conception of this phrase, which, to his own mind, is so large, living, and glorious as to include with ease what most of us are obliged to remand to the vaster domain of the "supernatural." As examples of the difference we have mentioned, in the case of the daughter of Jairus, Dr. Schenkel takes for literal fact the words of Jesus, "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth;" and the raising of Lazarus is barely alluded to, as if obviously unauthentic, and out of place in the narrative: while, in each of these instances, Dr. Furness finds an illustration, particularly vivid and dear to him, of his conception both of the character of Jesus and of the nature of his works. So frequent, indeed, is this difference and protest, that the book itself is a singular illustration of that harmony of spirit and motive, which, on a higher plane of thought, brings together minds that must be ranked, we think, plainly on opposite sides of the line of division in sharpest prominence now.

Considering the book as a systematic recast of the gospel narrative, it has overmuch the air of a paraphrase, with comments for edification. This was perhaps inevitable, if it would avoid the opposite qualities of Strauss and of Renan,—of being a mere criticism upon the text, or else a free, imaginative construction. For the student,—who seeks positive results as stepping-stones, and is content to make absolutely sure of a little ground, hoping that the rest will be firmer by and by,—the more valuable portions will be those discussions which deal with definite points of criticism. But the main motive of the book is a practical and pious one : indeed, the definiteness of its theological view is in marked contrast with its vagueness of scientific handling. The reality of the Christian faith, and of the redeeming work of Christ, make the central thought, to be illustrated by a generous exposition of these earliest documents of that faith. In this, as well as in its style of speculation and its wealth of erudition, it is again in curious contrast with the limited range, the set ethical purpose, the official temper, the secular and assertory style, of "Ecce Homo." We take these two books, thus discriminated, as studies of high value. Perhaps the value we attach to the first we take partly on the credit of the translator, who has given it an immensely added value of his own, both in the literary form under which he has presented it, and by blending with it the ripest results of his own long-continued, congenial, and devoted study. J. H. A.

ATHANASE COQUEREL, the younger, deprived of his parochial charge in Paris by the bigotry and terror of re-actionary Calvinism, is doing good service in giving to the world the views of the Liberal faith, in a form that the people can understand and enjoy. His new work "On the First Historical Transformations of Christianity" * expresses the substance of a great deal of reading and thought. In successive chapters, it sets forth the Christianity before Christ ; the actual teaching of Jesus ; the Jewish interpretation of the gospel ; the Hellenist interpretation of the gospel ; how it was modified by Paul ; how it was modified by Peter ; how it was modified by John ; the changes made in it by the Roman spirit ; the Christianity of the early Fathers, Greek and Latin, Catholic and heretic ; the Christianity of Constantine : and the conclusion of all is, that these modifi-

* Des Premières Transformations Historiques du Christianisme. Par ATHANASE COQUEREL, Fils. Paris. 18mo. pp. 198.

cations of the original gospel were natural, necessary, honest; and that they help us to know it better, and value it more highly. He finds the Johannic type of faith perpetuated in the Greek Orthodox Church; the Petrine Jewish type, in the Roman Church; the Pauline type, in the Protestant Church. His little book is written in a clear, simple, serious style; and is invaluable to those who would find a summary of the opinion of the early Christian time. There is a deep reverence for the character of the Saviour, while there is a full recognition of the influence that both Pagan and Jewish thought had upon his utterances of truth. There is an intimation, at the close of the volume, that the plan may be farther followed, and that a sequel will give the larger history of the "Variations" of later ages. Such a history may be the antidote to the partial and harsh work of Bossuet.

ANOTHER recent contribution of the indefatigable Coquerel the younger to the ecclesiastical history of the French Protestant Church is an account of the "Forçats," or galley-slaves,* who were imprisoned and tortured in the reigns of the later Bourbons for no offence but their sturdy Protestantism. It is a very curious chapter of religious bigotry and oppression. The particular story of two of these victims, Marteilhe de Bergerac, noble by descent, and Jean Fabre, is told at length; and in an appendix is given the touching and simple autobiography of this Jean Fabre, who gave himself voluntarily to the slavery of the galleys as the substitute for his old father. There is nothing in all the annals of martyrdom more beautiful than this relation. This martyrdom for the sake of affection and conscience is the more remarkable, that we find in the story of Fabre no trace of pietism or fanaticism. He was more a philosopher than a religionist.

At the close of the volume, M. Coquerel gives a most carefully arranged list, in alphabetical order, for each year, of the names, ages, residences, and, in some cases, occupations and conditions, of the fifteen hundred who were arrested and condemned in that interval of ninety years, for the sole crime of an unlawful belief. Among these are found the names of many of noble birth; and rich and poor, high and low, meet as brethren in suffering on this roll of honor. Much as English heretics were called to endure, the sufferings of

* *Les Forçats pour la Foi. Étude Historique (1684-1775).* Par ATHANASE COQUEREL, Fils.

French heretics were far keener. The only fair parallel to these is in the sufferings of the prisoners at Salisbury and Andersonville, in the hands of the Southern chivalry.

C. H. B.

SOME five years ago, we had occasion to notice the "History of Satan," by the Abbé Lécanu, written in the spirit of most pious belief in the Devil and his doings. The more recent work of Gastineau* on the same theme, while it repeats some of Lécanu's facts, and goes over his ground, does this in the spirit of entire scepticism, in the interest of science, and not of religion. M. Gastineau hates the Devil, finds him a nuisance in the world, the plague of all ages, the hinderance to all knowledge, a chimera of superstition and priestly cunning. He has collected a vast mass of curious facts to prove the iniquities and absurdities into which this belief in the Devil entices men. He has ransacked history, ancient and modern, for tales of demoniac possession; and has certainly made the Satan of the Church, and the Satan of the popular fear, a very uncomfortable personage to believe in. He has done in a different way the work which Balthazar Bekker, a Protestant minister of Amsterdam, did, two hundred years ago, who, in order to kill the Devil, was thought to have spoiled the principal dogmas of saving faith, and to have annihilated the Christian religion.

There is too much repetition in Gastineau's work, and some of the facts are so gross as to make it unfit for translation. We are reminded of the novels of the late Mr. Ingraham in the theory here stated and discussed,—that Mary Magdalene was not only a harlot, but that she undertook to win Jesus to an impure love for her. The book, indeed, has overmuch to say of "Madame Satan," that is, the work of Satan through the female sex; yet we are promised another special work on "Madame Satan."

A good history in the English tongue of the idea and influence of the Devil in the world is a thing yet to be desired.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

THAT certainly cannot be a bad philosophy which affirms that the fundamental doctrine of social life is the subordination of politics to morals; and it is in the light of that philosophy that the clever essays

* Monsieur et Madame Satan. Par BENJAMIN GASTINEAU. Paris. 12mo. pp. 552.

upon "International Policy" have been written.* Beyond that general statement, however, which may be considered as their starting-point, it is impossible to see what they have to do with the philosophy of Comte. For the positions on which the writers are agreed: first, that the international relations of mankind are a fit subject for a systematic policy; secondly, that such systematic policy is to be based on the acceptance of duties, not on the assertion of rights; and, thirdly, that the arguments advanced are, in all cases, to be drawn from considerations of a purely human character, as alone susceptible of legitimate and profitable discussion,—these positions are accepted by every liberal thinker as the necessary basis of progress; while the discussions themselves throw no light upon many of the topics which most interest us, and are most vital to England. To be sure, the immediate cession of Gibraltar is advocated as indispensable to satisfy the long-offended pride of Spain, and the Indian policy of England is to be shaped so as to prepare its Eastern possessions to govern themselves; but, upon the harassing questions which now vex the Continent, upon the adjustment of those international relations which a short but bloody war has so terribly disturbed, there are no practical suggestions made. Nor indeed was it the real scope of the philosophy which the book presents, however much it may profess to have them in mind, to deal with immediate political issues; for these issues are, in all cases, the result of causes long existing. But as the exponent of purer principles, as leading the way to a gradual revolution in the mode of thinking upon international relations, the book has a higher value than the advocacy of merely temporary measures could impart to it.

Yet though in the subjects discussed—The West, England and France, England and the Sea, England and India, England and China, England and Japan, England and the uncivilized communities, seven essays in all—there is nothing that is really new except the spirit in which they are written, that in itself, so far as our recollection of similar discussions goes, marks something like a step in English political writing; for, when Englishmen buy a thick octavo book of nearly six hundred pages, which aims to show in vigorous language how the whole course of England, in its advance to wealth and power,

* *International Policy. Essays on the Foreign Relations of England.* "The fundamental doctrine of modern social life is the subordination of Politics to Morals." — *Auguste Comte.* London: Chapman & Hall, 1866.

has been selfish and brutal,—much is to be hoped from the light thus let in upon the English mind. Of the English usurpation in India, there could be no fairer illustration than that which Mr. Pember gives in this volume; while the infamy of the Chinese opium war becomes even blacker, if possible, under the unsparing criticism of Mr. Bridges. But, apart from the genuine tone of the work, which is its chief value, the sketch of Chinese civilization and history by the latter writer, though necessarily brief, will be found valuable for its clearness and thoroughness; while the account by Professor Beesly of the manner in which England acquired its dominion on the sea will furnish some good suggestions in the philosophy of history; for it shows how the maritime supremacy of England cannot be traced back further than the battle of La Hogue (1692), and was not established beyond dispute till the battle of Trafalgar; and that, so far from being bound up with the national life, the very idea of it did not dawn on the nation till after the Revolution of 1688,—not an allusion to it can be found in Shakespeare, or so far as he is aware in Milton, yet the one was the contemporary of Raleigh and Drake, the other of Blake and Montague. It shows, moreover, how the idea of building up a maritime and colonial empire with a view to commerce, leaving France to have its own way on the Continent, first conceived by Cromwell, was never deliberately resumed till the policy of England was permanently shaped by the master-mind of the elder Pitt; and, again, how the real cause of the long war of England with France was the refusal, on the part of the latter, to close the navigation of the Scheldt, which was demanded by the commercial interests of England; and finally, how, instead of seeking war with England, Napoleon wanted nothing so much as peace, which England, obstinate in her greed, would never grant till she had overthrown her adversary, and in spite of the enormous expense of the struggle had come out of it ever so many times richer than she went in,—with the reputation, moreover, of having been fighting all the time for the liberties of Europe.

That nothing, however, absolutely new is contributed by these writers to political science is perhaps their best recommendation; for politics, like morals, do not progress by a special but by a general movement; nations do not advance in the line indicated by any one mind, but through the irresistible control of forces as multiform as their life. In the first essay, nevertheless, Mr. Richard Congreve has made an attempt to be original,—to show what the English mind is

capable of in the way of political theory, to be striking without being *bizarre*, to be profound without being obscure. And his theory is, at first hearing, plausible : it is only as we subject it to a strict criticism that we discover the basis of it to be as impossible now as it ever was, since, in point of fact, that basis never existed, as Mr. Congreve claims.

Looking broadly at the history of the world, we find, ever since the absolute rejection of the Eastern element by the Greeks, a certain progressive civilization in the West, interrupted, indeed, for a time by the fall of Rome, but, nevertheless, steadily existing. Of this civilization the main elements have been the Greek intellectual culture, the Roman law, and the Catholic feudalism. The nations, therefore, that have shared most, or shared obviously, in these elements may claim to represent, or rather to be, the West, which of course in this discussion is assumed to be superior to the East,—an assumption which, so far as the beginnings of the West are concerned, is getting a good deal undermined by a wider and more dispassionate investigation of Oriental political systems and intellectual habits. These nations are the French, Italian, Spanish, English, and German ; the various dependencies and offshoots of each nation being included in these general designations. Thus, France stands for the French in Canada and Algeria, and England for the Anglo-Saxons, wherever found,—in the United States or Australia ; and, as adjuncts of these nations, Mr. Congreve is good enough to include, under the appellation of the West, Greece, the mother of all our *humanities*, though she had the misfortune to miss the benefits of Catholicism, and could never make up her mind to accept those of Mohammedanism ; and also Poland, because the Poles were once our support against barbarism, though somewhat unsteady indeed, if we have read the histories rightly.

Now, side by side with the development of the conception of the unity of race, it has been seen more and more clearly how necessary was a hierarchical co-ordination of its several parts. Of this hierarchy, the West is manifestly at the head ; and of this West,—if you exclude Russia, as you must, because Russia has never shared either in the Greek intellectual culture (Mr. Congreve forgets that the basis of the very alphabet of Russia is the Greek) or the Roman law or the Catholic feudalism,—you find that the centre, geographically as well as historically, is France. Thus, then, the new order of things is to be, not England and France at war with each other in India and Egypt, for the extension of their commerce and the opportunity of

plunder ; not Spain, drinking the life-blood of its colonies, and slowly rotting with the poison it imbibes ; not Germany, split into a thousand fragments, and each fragment at sword's point with the others ; but England and France and Spain and Italy and Germany are to combine in one grand brotherhood, for the regulation of the affairs of the rest of the world, and the harmonious adjustment of their own.

And this union, Mr. Congreve argues, is not altogether visionary. It was in this sense of a hierarchical co-ordination that feudal Europe had a unity wholly different from that which prevailed under the Roman administration. Supreme over many races and over all governments, the Church was the common bond of nationalities, the object of universal respect. And it was not till the Protestantism of the fifteenth century had broken up Europe into hostile parties, with ever-increasing animosities, that the feeling of unity was lost, and with it the commanding position of the West as a governing body.

It is difficult to deal with generalizations of this sort without a degree of fulness impossible in these limits ; for there is such a mixture of truth and error, so many deductions that are false blended with so many facts that are true, that one can neither admit nor deny them absolutely. We shall only remark, therefore, that while the whole current of modern history is against such a position as Mr. Congreve seeks to establish for the West, it may very well be doubted, as a matter of science, whether this superiority of a portion of the white race (for it practically comes to that), really rests upon fact. Yet, perhaps, the American critic, far removed from the sulphurous atmosphere of European politics, may not go much out of the way if he finds in Mr. Congreve's theory an attempt at reconciling two of the most distressing difficulties which, to the English mind, are ever looming up in the future of England,— the vast aggression of Russia, not to be disputed, in the East, and the general military and social superiority of France, now clearly recognized at home.

For this readiness to stand by the fact, and to let go for ever an empty pride, we cannot do too much honor to these liberal English thinkers, so much in advance of their nation, in appreciating the tendencies of modern political life. When their generous spirit pervades the English mind, England will have little to fear from Russian aggrandizement or French ambition : and it may then come, perhaps, to admit that America must weigh in the scale of nations by something more than its mass, even by its ideas, which are the true leaders of the civilization of the West ; for without their support all coalit-

tions are in vain, ever ready to be overthrown by the first rocking of restless empires. For it is not, after all, any political system, however elaborately contrived which can govern the world, but the spirit of justice, and the love of law, and the general recognition of other than material ends ; and these things do not come of political expedients, but of universal, intellectual, and spiritual illumination.

H. J. W.

THE attractive volume of Mr. Howells * contains by far the most interesting, most accurate, and most complete account to be found in our language of the environment and daily life of the inhabitants of modern Venice. Occupying the post of American Consul, richly endowed with the sensibilities of a poet, and with the keen insight and practised tact of a critical observer, Mr. Howells is well entitled to say, "I could not dwell three years in the place without learning to know it differently from those writers who have described it in romances, poems, and hurried books of travel ; nor help seeing, from my point of observation, the sham and cheapness with which Venice is usually brought out (if I may so speak) in literature. At the same time, it has never lost to me its claim upon constant surprise and regard, nor the fascination of its excellent beauty, its peerless pictur-esque ness, its sole and wondrous grandeur." The singular enchantments of the situation, scenery, and art of Venice ; the unequalled glory, tragedy, and romance of her history ; the dismal squalor, monotony, and mournfulness of her decay ; the varied characteristics of the different classes of her population, as illustrated in all the phases of their life, in all the seasons of the year,—are depicted by our author with remarkable, force, fidelity, and beauty. The substance of what he says is marked by sound judgment and conscientious impartiality. His manner of saying it is distinguished by a charm of airy grace, and by a deep fund of poetic feeling, relieved by the almost constant presence of quiet humor. We heartily recommend Mr. Howells's "Venetian Life" to the two large classes of readers,—those who have themselves visited Venice, and those who have not. The former will be delighted to have their reminiscences enlarged : the latter will be glad to have their deprivation lessened. We close with a single paragraph, as a specimen of our author's quality. He is writing of St. Mark's Place in a snow-storm : "Looked at across the Square,

* *Venetian Life.* By William D. Howells. New York : Hurd & Houghton.

the beautiful outline of the Church was perfectly pencilled in the air ; and the shifting threads of the snow-fall were woven into a spell of novel enchantment around a structure that always seemed to me too exquisite in its fantastic loveliness to be any thing but the creation of magic. The tender snow had compassionated the beautiful edifice for all the wrongs of time, and so hid the stains and ugliness of decay that it looked as if just from the brain of the architect. The snow lay lightly on the golden globes that tremble, like peacock-crests, above the vast domes, and plumed them with softest white ; it robed the saints in ermine ; and it danced over all the work as if exulting in its beauty,—beauty which filled me with that subtle, selfish regret that yearns to keep such evanescent loveliness for the little-while-longer of one's whole life. The towers of the island churches loomed faintly and far away in the dimness ; the sailors in the rigging of the ships that lay in the Basin wrought like phantoms among the shrouds ; the gondolas stole in and out of the opaque distance, more noiselessly and dreamily than ever ; and a silence, almost palpable, lay upon the mutest city in the world."

MR. MAURICE's very interesting lectures* on the political topics that just now occupy so much of the English mind and ours offer a text more suggestive than the commentary is satisfactory. He writes never in the clear, "dry light" of science,—always in the suffused and mellow light of imagination, sentiment, and conscience. He loves to melt away the edges of our sharp, dogmatic theories ; and shows us the thought, as physiologists study the living organism, in solution and in germ. So he is more suggestive than instructive, and piques more curiosity than he satisfies. Always widening the horizon of our vision, he shows the object we view in the flickering, uncertain light, and in the strong refraction, that belong to the dividing-line of sky and earth. His style affects the soft, dim haze that seems to envelop his thought ; and the hard, swift, positive habit of mind we are all fallen into is impatient at sentences and chapters written in a sort of unvarying potential mood. And yet his "may" and his "perhaps" and his "doubtful whether" seem in reality to be the veil of strong conviction; only the conviction is rather ethic than

* *The Workman and the Franchise. Chapters from English History, on the Representation and Education of the People.* By Frederick Denison Maurice. London & New York : Alexander Strahan.

scientific ; and it is as if he sought to mark the *moral* quality of it by a form of speech as far at variance as possible from the dogmatic and scientific handling which we generally give to our political ideas.

These lectures are meant to be, in the strictest sense, practical. They are written in the interest of the "Workingmen's College," to which the copyright of them is presented. They deal with the precise points of representation and suffrage which have made and unmade Administrations within the year, and which now and then threaten to bring England to the very verge of a social revolution. Yet the mind of Mr. Maurice steadily refuses to see them in the light that illuminates them to other eyes. He does not deny the theories of reformers and propagandists. He only pleads with them to show how vain and insufficient those theories, or any thing that is rigid theory, must be. He will shed on them the wide, quiet light of history, which steadily rebukes all dogmatism ; the pure sky-light of religion and morality, which dulls the passionate and artificial glare. So the reader is vexed to find no solution offered or attempted to the questions as they are apt to be practically put. Instead of it, he finds ethical meditation, historic example, and Christian exhortation.

And yet we doubt whether he will not carry away, at the end, as strong an impression, and as valuable instruction, as if he had found the answer to the thought that lay nearer the surface. That human society is not a mass or multitude of men, but an *organization* of them by their sentiments and their interests ; that the PEOPLE is the community of freemen, giving each man a direct interest in the welfare of the whole ; that a political community, like the Roman aristocracy, jealous of admitting to its privileges those standing outside, must perish of inanition and sure decay ; that citizenship means, not so much right or privilege, as it does obligation and trust ; that civil freedom is "the contrast rather than the counterpart" of a savage and unsocial independence, — these are truths, not precisely new, but very desirable to be stated with the force of conviction, and freshness of illustration, we find here ; while the great lessons of history — traced from the germs of the Roman Republic to the time when the citizen's privilege was no longer jealously withheld, because it had lost all its glory and its worth ; from the germs of English liberty to the dissensions and ambitions of to-day — are traced with that curious felicity of insight and intelligent sympathy so characteristic of the writer's mind. Of special illustrations, also, we have been greatly struck with the words said of our late republican President to the working-

men of England; with the exhibition of the first Christian communities as centres of living organism in a dissolving society, germs of the grander structures of the future; and with the review of the period of the "Holy Alliance," when a style of serious, noble, devout thought, respecting a true statesmanship and a Christian order of society, came into being, with Wordsworth for its chief apostle, relieved against the hard despotisms of the compulsory quiet of that era of peace and restoration. And we see and find in this volume, vague and defective as it may appear, one of the timeliest and finest expositions of the higher morality of a nation's life. J. H. A.

AMONG the biographies or historical studies that have come to our knowledge, aiming to make the last days of the Roman Republic better known to us, we incline to rate highest the series of sketches included in Boissier's "Cicero and his Friends."* An admirable book, it seems to us, for translation, or perhaps for a recast. It is not a detailed biography; but presents the life of Cicero in a succession of views, each in a sense complete, and making together perhaps the most finished portrait yet attainable. The correspondence of Cicero is, of course, the main authority relied on; but this is supplemented, with curious skill, by the speeches and contemporary documents. One or two of the sketches stand out with peculiar vividness: for example, that of "Cœlius, or the Roman Youth;" in which the career of that fast young man, that prodigal son of the aristocracy, is traced through the dissipations and intrigues, the scandals and rivalries, of the life at Baiæ; through the wayward and petulant ambitions of polities, down to the disgraceful close in the miserable conspiracy against Cæsar's too firm and conservative rule. The temper of the sullen aristocracy that murdered Cæsar, the capricious and uncomfortable relations which Cicero maintained with the Dictator, the motives that stirred the men and parties of that evil time, are traced with very great skill and absolute seeming impartiality. In its mastery of facts, its clear historic sense, its wide sympathy, and its freedom from personal or party bias, this volume appears to us a fine example of that new French school of criticism, of which Taine is perhaps the foremost representative.

* *Ciceron et ses Amis.* Par Gaston Boissier. Paris.

ANTIQUITIES.

A WORK upon Grecian mythology, which departs from the prevailing custom of allegorizing, and treats of the *religion* of the Greeks, not merely of their *mythology*, is a welcome addition to philological literature.* Whether this is the correct point of view or not, it deserves more attention than it has received. From Forchhammer, whose key to all myths is *water*, and who makes out the Iliad to have been an *Ueberschwemmung*,—a truly Neptunian philosopher,—to Max Müller, who resolves them all into the *dawn*, it has seemed impossible for anybody to touch these creations of remote antiquity without unconsciously forcing them to take on the stamp of his own mind, or, at any rate, that of the century in which he lives. We believe that they have all begun at the wrong end. They treat religion, as Hartung says, “as a result of idle speculation and figurative philosophizing,” rather than as something which has its origin in the nature and necessities of man. “Can any one believe,” he asks, p. 131, “that the Romans would have consecrated altars and chapels to a Fides, Victoria, Concordia, or Honos, and offered them prayers and sacrifices, if they had held them for mere allegories?”—“It is moreover no symbolical representation by which the motion of the sun is called a course (*Fahren*), and chariot and horses, and, as a matter of course, a four-in-hand, attributed to it. The symbol is designed to bring something spiritual nearer to the senses; but here they had already before them something visible and corporeal, and one would suppose that every one could see that the sun has neither chariot nor horses. If, nevertheless, the religious man does not see this, it is clear that he holds the sun as a living god, not as a rolling ball. If, now, this god, like a madman, burns up every thing, he must either himself have become a cruel tyrant, like the Thracian Diomedes, or his horses must have become frantic and run away with him, as with Phaethon.” (p. 132).

The author of the work before us begins, as we conceive, in the right way, by investigating, first of all, those modes of religious thought and forms of worship which belong to the Greeks as a people

* Die Religion und Mythologie der Griechen, von J. A. HARTUNG. Erster Theil. Naturgeschichte der heidnischen Religionen, besonders der Griechischen. Zweiter Theil. Die Urwesen oder das Reich des Kronos. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann, 1865. 8vo. pp. 218 and 250.

of primeval antiquity ; when they were not the Greeks of history and literature, whom we know, but a rude race, just emerging from barbarism. His aim is, therefore, to trace out primitive ideas and ceremonies, not suffering himself to be drawn aside by the poets, who "were obliged to alter the myths for their own ends, without regard to their mystic meaning." For this reason, he adds, "Pausanias is of more importance, in my eyes, than Homer and Hesiod." (p. vii.).

He is thus led to give special prominence to the heroes and demi-gods, as being, originally, gods whose power is now passed away (*verkommen*) and obscured : "The interpretation of their myths gives a key to the interpretation of the traditions of the gods themselves ; while these, on their part, are of service in the interpretation of those" (p. vii.). The characteristic of the fully developed mythology of the Greeks, as contrasted with the oriental nations especially, was anthropomorphism ; but traces of the primitive worship of nature in the fetich, and animal or semi-human forms, still exist side by side with the fully humanized Olympus of the poets. "We find, contrasted with almost every one of the Olympic gods, one who represents the elements of nature (*Elementen-Geist*) ; the latter receiving little or no attention in the worship, because he belongs to an old, deposed régime, so to speak. Thus we have Okeanus by the side of Poseidon, Gê by the side of Demêter, Uranos by the side of Zeus, Rhea by the side of Hera, Helios by the side of Phœbos, Selene by the side of Hecate, Priapos by the side of Dionysos, Pan by the side of Hermes, and many more" (p. 188). The transition from the older to the newer system, the transformation of "the gods living in nature from shadows and phantoms to persons, with determinate human qualities of an ideal order," he attributes to the poets, and heads one section with the title, "How Homer and Hesiod created their gods for Greeks."

The two parts of the work already published are devoted to the primitive religion of nature which the Greeks held,— "the realm of Kronos" he calls it,— in which we meet with monsters, spirits of fire and water, —

"Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire," —

dæmons, giants, nymphs, centaurs, and satyrs. All this, the natural outgrowth of the uncultivated Greek mind, is as it were the foundation upon which the poets and philosophers built the wonderful structure

of mythology, by which they "overcame the horrors of Asiatic and Egyptian superstition [which had begun to invade Hellas], and developed a human, rational religion, whose greatest defect was that it was a national, and not a world-religion for all mankind, and must therefore necessarily die out with the other heathen religions when its time was past" (p. 67). We find less of "Comparative Mythology" in this volume than we anticipated; but what there is is very judicious, and generally by way of illustration rather than as part of the system.

ANOTHER instalment — the first half of the fifth volume * — has appeared of the great treatise on Roman Antiquities, begun by Becker, and continued, since his death, by Marquardt. The present volume is devoted to the family life of the Romans, a topic already exhaustively handled by Professor Becker, in his well-known work, "Gallus." A comparison of the two books, however, gives us no reason to regret that the completion of his task has fallen into Professor Marquardt's hands, whose treatment of the subject is clearer, more concise, and more judicious than his predecessor's, while the plan of the work is much better adapted to conveying instruction. To be sure, a man of genial imagination can convey a good deal of information in the guise of a simple fiction, as Böttiger did in his "Sabina," which is as superior (in its limited scope) to "Gallus" as a work of imagination is to one of dry detail. But after all, erudition is not to be *smuggled* into the mind by any appeal to the fancy, especially so dull and unskilful a one as "Gallus," which is a ponderous attempt to construct a romance out of antiquarian scraps, taken from Propertius, Petronius, Martial, and Juvenal.

The volume before us contains an exceedingly clear, concise, and well-digested statement of what is known upon the subjects discussed, illustrated by very copious references and citations. We cannot better illustrate its superiority to Becker's narrow and pedantic way of looking at a subject than by their respective treatment of, perhaps, the most important of the disputed points that come up in this volume, — the identity of the *atrium* and the *cavum cedium*. Pliny the younger, in the description of his Laurentine villa, speaks of both as *atrium* and

* *Handbuch der Römischen Alterthümer. Fünfter Theil. Römische Privatalterthümer von J. Marquardt. Erste Abtheilung.* Leipzig: Vorlag von S. Hirzel. 1864. 8vo. pp. 384.

a *cavædium*, clearly distinguishing the two. On the other hand, the inference naturally, and almost as certainly, drawn from the language of Varro and Vitruvius is, that the two were the same. How to reconcile these contradictions? Becker would disregard the difference in tone and circumstances, and follow Pliny as against the other authorities, forgetting that what might be true of a splendid villa in the second century after Christ, might not be true, as a rule, a hundred years earlier. A rich man, living in an age of unbounded luxury, might well enough have two drawing-rooms for distinct uses, but the question for us is, How was it with Dentatus, Marcellus, and Cicero?

The original Roman house was the *atrium*,—the square, single apartment, black (*ater*) from the smoke which escaped from a hole in the middle of the room. This one apartment served for the whole family, and for all purposes, just as in the case in our Western log-cabins. It was, at once, bed-room, kitchen, dining-room, and place of sacrifice. In time, as wealth increased, other rooms were added,—bed-rooms, kitchen, &c.; but still this original apartment remained the centre around which the others were grouped,—the gathering place for the family, of reception-room, “the open part of the house” (*cavum ædium*). The term *atrium* acquired now a more general signification, and was applied by the poets, for instance, like our word “hall,” to any large single apartment for public use: size and splendor are its natural attributes. In ordinary houses, there was but one central room, called indifferently by both names, and used for all family purposes. In large establishments, however, the two sets of functions were naturally divided; and, besides the magnificent *atrium*, used for receptions, and open to the public, there was, after a smaller and more private family gathering-room, open to the air, like the *atrium*, the *cavum ædium* proper (called by Cicero *atriolum*). It is worthy of note, that, while Pliny mentions the two separately in his Laurentine villa, in the simpler Tuscan villa, he speaks only of an “*atrium ex more veterum*.” The eight chapters of the part now published contain the whole of the in-door life of the Romans, the out-of-door life being left for the other part, which is to follow, we are told, “in not a long time.”

W. F. A.

ART AND TRAVEL.

THE works of the Provençal and Northern French poets, the remains of the Castilian and Middle High-German and Old-English and Scan-

dinavian singers, have been collected and translated and analyzed, says Adolf von Schack, with singular zeal; but, in this choir of all nations, the voice of the very people who so long surpassed them all in culture has not yet been heard,—that of the Arab poets of Spain. And it is this want which he undertakes to supply in his somewhat discursive, but, on the whole, interesting and very useful book,* the fruit of several summers' residence in Andalusia and Granada. Hammer-Purgstall, indeed, has included a good deal of the Spanish-Arab poetry in his vast and chaotic storehouse of material for the history of the Arabian literature; yet Schack's work will be found to throw a good deal of light upon a period hitherto very obscurely known. The political history of the Arabs of Spain, indeed, may be said to have been worse than unknown, until the recent researches of the Dutch orientalist, Dozy, cleared away much of the confusion in which Conde, so long regarded as the chief authority upon the subject, had involved them; for, as Dozy shows conclusively, Conde has taken mutilated passages of Latin Chronicles for translations of Arabian historians; and, when he had the original text, has understood it so badly as to make two or more persons out of one, to take infinites for proper names, and to represent some men as dead before they were born, and others as playing imaginary parts who never existed at all. It is only lately that the publication of the Arabian historians in the original text, most of them edited by Dozy, has afforded a trustworthy basis for the examination of this brilliant period in mediæval history; while, of Dozy's recent critical history of the Mussulmans of Spain, from the eighth to the twelfth century, Schack says, that one must regard it, in connection with his researches upon the history and literature of Spain in the Middle Ages which it supplements, "as one of the greatest scientific achievements of our century; for it has rescued one of the most important periods in the history of the world from the darkness of falsehood and fable, and brought it into the light of historical truth."

The term "Moor," or "Moorish," as applied to the Arabs of Spain and their architecture, has perhaps withdrawn our attention a good deal from the fact, that this whole Mohammedan civilization of Spain was substantially Arabian. It was a term applied by the Christians

* *Poesie und Kunst der Araber in Spanien und Sicilien.* Von ADOLF FRIEDRICH VON SCHACK. Berlin: 1865. Verlag von Wilhelm Hertz, Bessersche Buchhandlung. 2 vols.

of Spain to their Mohammedan enemies, without distinction of the race to which they belonged ; and, in this sense, it has passed into all European languages, and has led to the mistake of supposing that the Moorish architecture of Spain, as it was called, was something different from the Arabian, and originated among the Mauritanians or Berbers, who were so largely blended with the Arabs throughout the peninsula. The Mohammedan population of Spain was in truth very mixed, and there were, no doubt, among the many small rulers of Spain in the eleventh century, some of Berber origin ; but, nevertheless, the Arabian civilization was everywhere predominant both in the country and in the cities. The Berber princes who made any pretence to culture were ashamed of their Berber origin, and assumed the manners and tone of the Arabs. Every thing that was done in either literature or art was Arabian. The Berbers were looked upon as *barbarians*, and really accomplished nothing ; for they attempted nothing. And, if the Moors have any place in the history of art at all, it is, as Schack says, as the destroyers of Cordova and the plunderers of Az-Zahra.

The limitation of the Arabian genius to architecture, to the almost entire exclusion of pictures and statues, has commonly been ascribed to a prohibition, in the Koran, of the representation of the forms of living kings ; but Schack maintains, that there is really no foundation for such an opinion. If there be any prohibition of the kind, it is contained in the passage of the fifth sura, where it is said, "O true believers ! surely wine and lots [games of chance] and images and divining arrows are an abomination, of the work of Satan ; therefore avoid them, that ye may prosper." But these words are understood by many commentators as applying only to idolatrous images, while others have looked upon them as applying only to the carved pieces or men with which the pagan Arabs played chess, and others to the representation of the forms of such bodies as cast a shadow. There are, indeed, many traditional expressions of the Prophet in disapproval of the representation of the forms of living kings ; but there is no express law of his religion against it, as there is against the drinking of wine. And, even in this matter of wine, the prohibition was early disregarded. The poets of Damascus, at the court of the Ommiades, made the praises of wine the chief burden of their songs. And, though music and dancing were also condemned in the Koran and the traditions, yet, before a century had elapsed after the Hegira, the palaces of the caliphs swarmed with guitar-players

and female-dancers, and no feast among the people was complete without both. It is therefore not a law, but, at best, a strong prejudice among the Orthodox, which restrained the Mohammedan artists from representing the human form ; and, in point of fact, we find numerous instances of such representation. The caliphs Moawia and Abd ul Melik, of the dynasty of the Ommiades, had their coins struck, bearing a full-length representation of themselves girded with a sword. Chomarujah adorned his palace at Cairo with statues of himself and his wives, made of wood highly carved, and painted in gorgeous colors, wearing crowns of purest gold on their heads, and turbans that glittered with precious stones. Carpets, moreover, the use of which is so common throughout the East, were often adorned with figures. The Fatimites had them inwoven with portraits of kings and celebrated men, while the tapestries with which the sides of their tents were hung were covered over with figures of men and animals, and porcelain dishes were found in their treasury supported upon figures of lions curiously wrought. And the workshops of Cairo were constantly turning out statuettes of gazelles and elephants and giraffes, which were used at banquets, except when the cadi or other Orthodox personages were present. The heretic dynasty of the Fatimites, indeed, affords the most numerous instances of painting and sculpture; but many others may be gathered from the history of the Mesopotamian kingdoms and other parts of the Mohammedan world. No external hinderance, therefore, stood in the way of the development of these arts among the Mohammedans. The cause must be sought elsewhere,—not, however, in the want of subjects ; for a Mohammedan Titian would have found a congenial field in depicting the joys of the blessed among the black-eyed virgins of Paradise, and a Mohammedan Rembrandt would have found inspiration enough in the torments of the damned. The explanation, according to Schack, goes much deeper : it lies in the mental limitation of the Arab, in his want of clear perception of external things. His nature, as his poetry shows, is wholly subjective : the impressions which human life and the visible world make upon him are reflected in his mind, and understood ; not the visible world itself, or human life in its manifold phases. The power of conceiving and reproducing the peculiar physiognomy of a subject is wholly wanting in him ; and hence he has neither painting nor sculpture, standing in this respect, together with the rest of the Semitic races, in such striking contrast with the Greek, who was able to give a plastic,

tangible form to his conception,—a form which expressed the thought in its clearness, as well as the internal subordination of each element of feeling to the pervading sentiment of the whole.

The Mosque of Cordova may not compare, in the perfection of its architecture, with the Parthenon or the Strasburg Minster; but it is surprising how, out of the discordant materials at their command, out of ancient pillars of various orders and Byzantine mosaics and African marbles, the Spanish Arabs contrived to erect a structure, which was not only one of the most wonderful works of human hands, but was so singularly adapted in its external form to the peculiar characteristics of the Arabian mind. For it typified to the Arab the Paradise that he imagined to himself as he thirsted in the burning wastes of the deserts after water and shade,—a spot cool and sheltered, where the murmuring of fountains lulled him to soft sleep and dreams of bliss. It was the concentration on earth of all the joys that the true believer was to possess on the other side of the grave. In its great court, under thickly-arching trees, played a bubbling fountain, like that by the side of which the blessed were one day to rest; and in the stillness of its vast spaces, dark as with the darkness of sacred groves, with the pillars thick as forest-trees, and the plinths and arches stretching from one to another and spreading themselves overhead, like branches of the tuba, the wondrous tree of Paradise, the pining soul of Islam revelled in solitary delight; for the Paradise it dreamed of was made real to the senses. But, marvellous as this creation of the Arabian architect was, it illustrates in its very conception this limited subjective character of the Arabian mind. For it was not an ideal type of beauty they aimed at, not even an imitation of nature, but simply a vast space sacred to silence and to rest.

H. J. W.

THE author of "Five Years in Damascus" and of "Murray's Handbook for Syria" has not done so well in his account of the unvisited and almost unknown Bashan,* but that we wish he had done better. He has been too anxious to interlard his narrative with Scripture quotations, forgetting that all his readers have their Bibles at hand; but hardly any have any description of the Peræa which he was privileged to visit, which remained an unsuspected treasure-house

* *The Giant Cities of Bashan and Syria's Holy Places.* By the Rev. J. L. PORTER. New York: Nelson & Sons, 1866.

of magnificent ruins till a recent time, and even now is shut against almost every visitor of Palestine by ferocious hordes of Bedouins. One portion of this "desert land" is, however, an exception. Crossing the Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob, at the northern end of the Lake of Tiberias, we travelled three days through this Arab territory without molestation, and with only a single armed guard,—over the identical road which St. Paul took on his eventful journey to Damascus. But this is not the region of the grand remains, to which Mr. Porter devotes less than a hundred pages, unillustrated in the American edition by any map, tantalizing one by very brief details, rounded off with a passage from Ezekiel or Isaiah. But here is the wonderful fact: a country of exceeding beauty and rare fertility, a part of that Palestine now so easily and so frequently visited, exemplifying perfectly the patriarchal life among its tented tribes, containing numerous cities with perfectly habitable houses, yet less explored than the pestilential coasts of Africa, or the frozen solitudes of the North Pole. It seems stranger than fiction, that hundreds of cities in this once-crowded region contain numberless houses as habitable as when they were erected, not a roof shattered, not a wall rent, not a door removed,—stone cells we might term them, yet ornamented, comfortable, adapted to the sultry climate, giving unmistakable glimpses of domestic life two thousand years ago. From the battlements of the Castle of Saleals, Mr. Porter counted thirty towns and villages, dotting the fertile plain, whose nearly perfect houses had not boasted an occupant for more than five hundred years.

Suweideh, the largest of these deserted cities, being entered over a Roman bridge, through a Roman gateway, gave to view a straight, paved street, a mile long, lined with elegant remains,—now the ruins of a fountain, now a church, now a theatre, now an aqueduct, now a Corinthian peristyle, now what the author strangely styles an "opoea;" but ruin heaped upon ruin, of various styles and different ages,—temples transformed into churches, churches into mosques, and all now abandoned to utter desolation,—in this city, however, relieved by a few hundred Druses, a fanatical sect, who till the soil rudely, and maintain a life-and-death struggle with the Arabs.

Bozrah, the ancient capital, contains two theatres, six temples, ten churches or mosques, besides palaces, baths, fountains, aqueducts, triumphal arches, and other structures, all in ruins, additional to a grand castle, the strongest in Syria. Just here, when we hope to pass hand in hand with the courageous missionary through these vast

architectural monuments of a buried race, he mocks us with a Scripture passage, not written of Bozrah in particular : " Thus saith the Lord God of the land of Israel : They shall eat their bread with carefulness, and drink their water with astonishment, that their land may be desolate from all that is therein, because of the violence of all them that dwell therein. And the cities that are inhabited shall be laid waste, and the land shall be desolate " (Ezek. xii. 19, 20).

The principal part of the book is upon Jordan and the Dead Sea, Jerusalem and its environs, the land of the Philistines, Galilee and the Northern-Border Land, accounts of repeated visits through the length and breadth of the Holy Land, with continual references to prophecy, and the occasional discovery of lost localities ; but not adding materially to the admirable collection of intelligence in his invaluable " Guidebook." Rev. Mr. Porter is a person of strict veracity, marked courage, and religious enthusiasm, but not a little mistakes as to the kind of intelligence even the Christian public, and far more the world of letters, desires at his hand.

F. W. H.

THE English commander of "the loyal and faithful auxiliary legion" in the Chinese Revolution, having lost his wife in battle, having seen his rebel friends driven back to a small territory near where they commenced the warfare, finding little more occasion for active service while the British Government turned its irresistible artillery against the almost unarmed Ti-pings, has yielded to the desire of the insurrectionary leaders, and become their historian in the beautifully illustrated work, "Ti-ping Tien-Kwoh." *

A personal interest is inwoven with the story : Lin-le marries a native lady ; she is stolen ; he rescues her at the peril of his life. By and by, after more than enough adventures for an ordinary novel, including one attempt at his life by the jealous lady, she falls at his side in battle. Of course, the hero of his own story is all that is heroic. But his judgment does not equal his courage. His censure of the rebels for not capturing Pekin, and for dividing their forces too much, by garrisoning various captured cities, may be just enough ; but, whatever they did, while the English generals and admirals were abusing their pretended neutrality to fighting battles for the Imperialists, and winning victories where they had only known defeats, all

* *Ti-ping Tien-Kwoh : the History of the Ti-ping Revolution.* By Lin-le, Special Agent of the Ti-ping General-in-chief. London : Day & Son, 1866. 2 vols.

was certain to go wrong. The best opportunity Christianity ever had of working its way into the heart of these four hundred millions—under the patronage of men who swept away every vestige of idolatry, circulated the Scriptures, solicited missionaries, prohibited opium-smoking, torture in courts of law, prostitution, the slave trade, deformity of feet, and shaving of heads—was wantonly thrown away. Lin-le asserts that a single missionary's refusal to establish himself at the rebel capital ruined the rebel cause, and forfeited the greatest missionary opening of our time. This seems an extravagance. But it is hardly possible to keep calm, and read the capture of town after town, effected by English artillery, completed by the indiscriminate massacre of every man, woman, and child, with tortures too horrid to be told. And, even after Major Gordon was reproved by Sir F. Bruce for violating his promised protection by permitting the murder of thirty thousand at Soochow, in the capture of Wusee, Karangfoo, Hwhasoo, and Changchowfoo, like atrocities were perpetrated under the military superintendence of this same English officer. Nor were the battles such as civilized men should have engaged in a second time. The loss of the rebel natives in a single contest would amount to thousands, when not more than a single Englishman would be slain, because wooden stockades were assailed by sixty-two pounders, and defended by bamboo spears, gingalls, and brickbats. To rain destruction for twenty hours upon utterly helpless natives, who could not make any effectual reply,—in support of an effete tyranny which insulted its very defenders, paid no debts save upon compulsion, and arrayed itself against every step of civilization,—is not the warfare of which an Englishman should be proud. And all this defeat of new-born hopes, this conflagration of hundreds of towns, this starving of hundreds of thousands by the destruction of public granaries everywhere, to be wrought under the mask of civilized neutrality!

F. W. H.

TRANSYLVANIA is shown by Mr. Boner* to be one of the most backward countries in Europe,—rich in mines, of an exceedingly fertile soil, with baths of wonderful efficacy, and yet quite undeveloped. Partly because of its utter destitution of railroads, partly because of the superstitious attachment of its natives to the old ways, partly because of excessive taxation and governmental oppression, the people are

* Transylvania : its Products and its People. By CHARLES BONER. London : Longmans, 1865.

not happy, or progressive, or worthy of their position. Many of the Transylvanian customs have been kept hundreds of years unchanged: the same antiquated looms are employed as men admire to-day upon the monuments of Egypt; the same custom of storing the grain in the church-vaults as was caused by the invasions from Turkey; the ornaments of the women even are hundreds of years old; the very sayings of grandparents are repeated as unquestionable oracles;—every thing new is wrong, every thing antiquated is still the mode. To the best measures of the Austrian Government the Transylvanian answer is, "It is an innovation;" so that the wisdom of statesmen and the policy of cabinets seem to be kept at bay by this ignorant conservatism. Meanwhile, superb ruins all over the country are being destroyed for peasants' huts, public roads are left to perish for want of repairs, and only the Wallach and the Gypsy are increasing in numbers, wealth, and influence.

Disappointed of any information as to the Unitarian Church of Transylvania, we have to be satisfied with an anecdote or two about the Greek, agreeing as they do with what we have seen of that effete institution in adjoining lands. A friend of the author's, finding a party of natives dragging their priest along as prisoner on a Saturday, was informed that they were about to lock him up, so that he might not be too tipsy the next morning to read service. Another Greek priest begged of the Protestant minister some paper that was written upon, and was furnished with his daughter's old copy-books. Afterwards, strips of these books were given out by this illiterate priest as marriage certificates. Still another threatened his people, that, if they did not fast and pray more, God would send grasshoppers to desolate the land; and the same threat was found to have been circulated through the district.

Kossuth is spoken of very plainly as a consummate orator and an admirable writer, but neither a statesman nor a soldier; sincere and well-intentioned, but lax in discipline, irresolute, and insatiable. Boner's view, the view of the Hungarian nobility, is that Kossuth gathered around him a body of enthusiastic followers by the power of his eloquence, precipitated measures for which the better classes were not prepared, and hurried on reform faster than it was possible for the people to go. The failure of his measures injured the country exceedingly, though many of the enmities excited by the war are already forgotten, and no idea of another struggle seems to be entertained.

F. W. H.

PROFESSOR SMYTH has made a very beautiful and curious book in defence of a very fantastic and untenable theory. He solves the meaning of the Great Pyramid * in a strange way, which is more creditable to his ingenuity and piety than to his good sense. He separates the Great Pyramid by a broad line from all the other Egyptian pyramids. These may have been the tombs of kings ; but the Great Pyramid is the divinely ordered and the divinely fixed standard of time, weight, and measure. It was set in its place by the special appointment of Jehovah, that all the world, henceforth and for ever, might know how to reckon days and weeks, feet and inches, pints and quarts, pecks and bushels. Such a standard was needed for the world, in the chaos of clashing opinions and customs ; and, at last, after four thousand years, it has been revealed by Mr. John Taylor, whose interpreter and defender the Edinburgh astronomer is content to be. This monument was intended to outlast the ages ; and, if the nations are wise, they will consult its symmetrical sides, its angles, its passages, its chinks in the wall, and especially the mysterious coffer in its central chamber, and adjust by this all their methods of time, space, and quantity. The riddle of the ages has at last been read, and England is summoned to pause from the sacrilege that would forsake the inspired pyramid-system for the profane decimals of unbelieving France.

Professor Smyth comes forth as a social and moral reformer in this key to the scientific marvel. It is to be feared, however, that he has damaged his scientific argument by his questionable exegesis of Scripture. His views of the Pentateuch are by no means in harmony with the views of Colenso ; and he gives an earlier date and a more historic accuracy to the statements of the Book of Job than any careful critic will sustain. The scientific argument, too, has to be strained, in order to bring the tables of weight and measure which England uses into harmony with those lines of Egyptian stone. There are uncomfortable fractions which vex his calculations. All his enthusiasm for the new theory cannot blind his readers to the fact, that he leaves discrepancies unexplained, and that he twists resemblances into identities. We do not think that his fine drawings and photographs and diagrams dispel that mystery of the colossal monu-

* An Inheritance in the Great Pyramid. By PROFESSOR C. PIAZZI SMYTH, F.R.SS., L. & E., Astronomer Royal for Scotland. With Photograph, Map, and Plates. London : Alexander Strahan & Co., 1864. 12mo. pp. xvi. 400.

ment which has reigned in all the stories of the Pyramid since the day of Herodotus. And, after reading the work carefully, figures, fancies, digressions, pious protests, and all, we are prepared to say that it is unsatisfactory ; that the theory is "not proven ;" and that science still waits for the solution of the problem. We do not think that the British Association will be hindered in its favor for a uniform decimal system by this solemn warning from a mountain of stone and an empty sarcophagus. Some other must answer for us the question, "Who built the Pyramid, and for what was it built ?"

C. H. B.

IN the expectant period of American poetical literature,—thirty or forty years ago,—perhaps no name was more prominent, or associated with more confident anticipations, than that of Percival. It is pleasant to freshen the associations, which school-books and popular reputation have connected with it, by the interesting and beautiful biography lately published.* The fame of the poet has grown somewhat dim. He soon wearied of the task of keeping it bright by renewal ; and there was not the live quality in it, or the patient artist workmanship, to make it classic and imperishable. So that we learn, with a sort of surprise, how high his rank was once thought to be among our native poets. And it is with still greater surprise that one comes to know how utterly that brief youthful fame was eclipsed by the solid achievements of his later life. One of the rarest heroisms, one of the painfulest tragedies, one of the noblest martyrdoms, in the history of letters, we find recorded here. A narrative direct, simple, full, unobtrusive, is filled out with letters of personal reminiscence of singular interest. Fighting with penury, disappointment, baffled ambition, and a temperament morbid to the very verge of insanity, here was a mind of almost unequalled wealth of positive attainments of restless activity, of scholarly and scientific faculty, bordering close on the highest genius. We do not know whether to call such a life unhappy, though, in almost all its outward aspects, it is very sad. The biography is very instructive,—if such a temper and mind could learn from precept or example. It is certainly one of the most interesting, curious, and valuable records that our literary annals have afforded.

* *The Life and Letters of James Gates Percival.* By Julius H. Ward. Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. Revised edition. Vol. IX. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. pp. 493. (Containing Articles of Charge against Warren Hastings, and Speeches in his Impeachment.)

The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. 3 vols. 12mo. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

A History of the Gypsies; with Specimens of the Gypsy Language. By Walter Simson. Edited, with Preface, Introduction, and Notes, and a Disquisition on the Past, Present, and Future of Gypsydom, by James Simson. 12mo. pp. 575. New York: M. Doolady.

On Democracy. 8vo. pp. 418; also, **The Making of the American Nation; or, the Rise and Decline of Oligarchy in the West.** By J. Arthur Partridge. 8vo. pp. 523. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

An American Family in Germany. By J. Ross Browne. Illustrated by the Author. 12mo. pp. 381; **The Race for Wealth.** By Mrs. J. H. Riddell; **All in the Dark.** By J. Sheridan Le Fanu; **Sir Brooke Fosbrooke.** By Charles Lever; **The Beauclercs, Father and Son.** By Charles Clarke; **Madonna Mary.** By Thomas Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Melibœus Hippoanax. The Biglow Papers. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 258.

The Poems of Alfred B. Street. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 2 vols. pp. 302, 338.

Flower-de-Luce. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 72.

Maud Muller. By John G. Whittier. With Illustrations by W. J. Hennessy. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 8vo. pp. 12.

The King's Ring. By Theodore Tilton. Illustrated by Frank Jones. New York: Hurd & Houghton. pp. 8. (Quaintly and tastefully illuminated; a beautiful fancy piece, with a moral.)

Reading without Tears; or, a Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read. Part Second. Sq. 18mo. pp. 292. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Red-Letter Days in Applethorpe. By Gail Hamilton. pp. 141; **Stories of Many Lands.** By Grace Greenwood. pp. 206; **A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.** By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. pp. 230. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Ned Nevins, the Newsboy; or, Street Life in Boston. By Henry Morgan. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 424.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. A new edition, revised, with Notes, by the late Rev. George Tyler Townsend. Sixteen Illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton. pp. 583.

The Sanctuary: a Story of the Civil War. By George Ward Nichols, author of "The Story of the Great March." With Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 286. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals. By William F. G. Shanks. 12mo. pp. 347. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Life and Light of Men. An Essay. By John Young, LL.D. (Edin.) 12mo. pp. 497. Alexander Strahan, London and New York.

First Years in Europe. By George H. Calvert. Boston: William V. Spencer. pp. 303.

Morning by Morning; or, Daily Readings for the Family and the Closet. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co. pp. 403.